MORE WAYS THAN ONE:

A

1507/636

COMEDY.

AS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By Mrs. Hannah COWLEY.

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M,DCC,LXXXIV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 62
AUG

DEDICATION.

FLY, comic ſcenes! where diſtant Ganges laves
Hindoſtan's golden ſhores, with hallow'd waves;
Where palms gigantic rear their tufted heads,
And nature in coloſſal vegetation ſpreads,
Where rich ananas court the Indian's eye,
And groves of citrons fan the fev'riſh ſky,
Where rattling canes around the riv'lets play,
And the centennial aloe drinks the day!
In their deep ſhades bid Lucidorus ſmile,
His heavy ſenſe of *diſtant* hours beguile.
Bid him not think, becauſe I gaily write,
That heavy hours to him, to me, are light;
My native ſpirits, bounding from repoſe,
Bear me, unwilling, where Caſtalia flows,
I love to weep, love the ſoft feaſt of grief,
Court mournful thoughts, nor ever wiſh relief;—
Sadneſs I woo, yet ſtill the phantom flies,
And *joy* ſeduces, whilſt I aſk for ſighs.
But Hymen frowns, and joy no longer cheers,
Weeping, I ſink——Thalia drinks my tears:
He tears my heart; ſhe my rapt ſoul inſpires;
He chills with grief; ſhe fills me with her fires.

DEDICATION.

Thus, Lucidorus! paſs *my* diſtant hours—
By turns ſubdued, the ſlave of rival powers;
And thus hath nature in my little frame
Still various been, and variouſly the ſame.
My heart ſo keenly feels, 'twere death to live,
Did not bright ſpirits its ſtrong ſenſe relieve.
Through THESE capricious, deſultory, gay,
As though I felt not, glides the unconſcious day;
Through THIS I droop, I ſadden, and complain,
Dragging, with penſive ſteps, life's length'ning chain.

In blitheſome mood "*More Ways than One*" had birth,
Offſpring of brilliant morns, and eves of mirth;
The laughing muſe in ſprightlieſt vein was by,
And "quips, and cranks," lay lurking in her eye.
O! may her ſpirit from its pages dart,
Dance o'er your nerves, and live within your heart!

H. C.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. BONNER, IN THE CHARACTER OF MERCURY.

Enter haſtily from the upper end of the ſtage, as if juſt alighted.

SOME *eau de luce!* Your fans, dear ladies, pray!
Strait from Parnaſſus—'tis a deviliſh way!
I might have ſtrode our Pegaſus's back,
But the poor devil's grown to mere a hack;
So often call'd upon—taught ſuch ſtrange paces,
That alter'd woefully, alack, his caſe is!
In former times, but once or twice a-year
The fiery ſteed was ſummon'd to appear;
Then in elegiac *pas grave* ſeen dancing,
Or in a comedy-curvet came prancing;
A tragedy each ſpring, a birth-day ode,
Was all his buſ'neſs on the Muſe's road:
But now ſuch hurrying, helter-ſkelter work—
Each cart-horſe moves with a genteeler jirk;
So—in a word, your patience not t' abuſe,
We've ſent our Pegaſus to learn of *Hughes*.

My buſineſs here?—Plainly and flatly this—
To beg your Honours not to frown or hiſs.
Thalia ſent me, and it makes me ſad,
For "*entre nous*, (ſays I) the thing is bad."
"Tut, fool!" the Muſe replies—"this powder take,
"Long I've reſerv'd it for a laſt dear ſtake—
"This powder take—dear Mercury, be quick"—
Here 'tis—a mighty ſpell, in this ſlim ſtick.
Scarce had ſhe left me, when Melpomé came—
"Jove's Meſſenger, (ſays ſhe) I'm in a flame!
"I know where Thal' has ſent you—never ſham it,
"But bribe 'em, God of Thieves! bribe 'em to damn it!"
"No, Madam, damn me, if I do!" I cry'd—
She aim'd a blow, I bow'd, and hither hied.

Now

Now for my ſpell—
Blows ſome powder out of his caduceus.
There 'tis—I ſee it ſpread!
'Tis felt in ev'ry heart—in ev'ry head!
Now ſhall you fancy character and wit;
Taſte in the boxes, humour in the pit.
You'll fancy, friends, that 'tis ſo droll and funny—
[To the upper gallery.
And you, that you've ſome ſubſtance for your money:
[To the gallery.
But ſhould the charm diſſolve e'er the play ends,
Oh! for Thalia's ſake, be yet its friends!

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

BELLAIR,	MR. LEWIS.
CARLTON,	MR. WROUGHTON.
SIR MARVEL MUSHROOM,	MR. EDWIN.
EVERGREEN,	MR. WILSON.
DOCTOR FEELOVE,	MR. QUICK.
LE GOUT,	MR. WEWITZER.
DAVID,	MR. FEARON.
DOCTOR'S SERVANT,	MR. STEVENS.
LAWYER'S CLERK,	MR. THOMPSON.
STRANGER,	MR. JONES.
MISS ARCHER,	MISS YOUNGE.
ARABELLA,	MRS. KEMBLE.
MISS JUNENILE,	MRS. WILSON.
LODGING MISTRESS,	MISS PLATT.

MORE

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Mr. Evergreen's.

Enter David, *preceded by a Lawyer's Clerk.*

Clerk.

HAS your maſter breakfaſted?

David. Preakfaſted?—Yes, Sir! Though we live at the court end of the town, we have prought up all our Welch cuſtoms. Our maſter hates Lonton manners, and Lonton laties. What is your puſineſs, goot Sir!

Clerk. A buſineſs he will probably like, though it may concern a London lady. Acquaint him that the writings are engroſs'd, and that I have brought them, to fill up the blanks, and ſign.

David. Yes, Sir;—pleaſe to ſit, Sir [*going*]. The writings impoſs'd, and the blanks to —— What was it, Sir? I muſt have it wort for wort, for my maſter is as exact as Shrewſpury clock.

Clerk. Acquaint him, friend, that the writings—*the marriage articles*, are ready. I have brought them from Counſellor Bouquet's, to inſert the names, and ſign and ſeal. [*Exit* David, *repeating the meſſage.*

Clerk. Now, in the faſhionable courſe of things, how long may it be before I ſhall draw up the arti-

cles

cles of ſeparation for this young couple? It ſometimes falls out for the good of the profeſſion, that the happy pair ſee but one Chriſtmas together. Nay, I have more than once in my time, engroſs'd the articles of marriage and ſeparation with the ſame gooſe quill.

So, here comes the father of the bridegroom, to pore over the writings, I ſuppoſe. Come, good, *wary* Sir; if you don't quicken your motions, the young gentleman will excuſe your cares;—every movement of that cane ſpeaks a week's delay.

Enter Mr. Evergreen.

Everg. Tell Miſs Archer to come to me by-and-by. So, Mr. Gooſe-quill—what—a—are they quite ready?

Clerk. Quite ready, Sir;—the names only are wanting.

Everg. Well, you may add the names in the next room; but I ſhan't ſign till I have look'd your parchments cautiouſly over. No loop-holes for cavils—no expreſſions that will bear *ingenious* explanations. Defend me from the ingenuity of lawyers!

Clerk. You will find all clear, Sir. What are the names?

Everg. That of the lady is Arabella Melville;—mine you know.

Clerk. Yes, Sir; it is Evergreen; but the gentleman's—

Everg. The gentleman's!

Clerk. Yes, Sir—your ſon's—

Everg. My ſon's!—my ſon's!

Clerk. Yes, Sir, I know it is Evergreen, junior; but the Chriſtian name. I am ſorry to be troubleſome; John, Charles—Sir? Henry? George?

Everg. Why, thou pen-cutter! art thou come to inſult me? *My ſon! Evergreen, junior!* Why, Sir, *I* am Evergreen, junior, minor, and major; there is but one Evergreen in the world, and I am he.

Clerk. Sir, I humbly crave pardon. Are you then the bridegroom?

Everg. Yes, Sir. Timothy Evergreen, Eſquire, of Rook Hall, in the county of Salop. The bridegroom—aye, to be ſure I am. Go, Mr. Feathertip, and leave

leave the blanks as they are—I can fill them up.—[*Exit Clerk.*] Didſt ever ſee ſuch a puppy, David?

David. Never, Sir;—not to know that your Honour was the pride! I am ſure one ſhan't ſee a livelier, puxomer pride in all——

Everg. Pride! *Bridegroom*——Taffy!

David. Got a mercy, Sir! Well, then, the pridegroom; and as for the pridegroomeſs, ſhe is the ſweeteſt, moſt innocent, modeſteſt——

Everg. Aye, aye, I know how to chooſe.——Did you tell my young plague, Miſs Archer, to come to me?

David. I tit, inteet, Sir; and ſhe bit me carry my Welch face town ſtairs again in a minute; for that it always made her preakfaſt ſit uneaſy.

Everg. Aye, thoſe women who have fine fortunes, and fine lovers, think they have a right to inſult all the world.—She can't ſpare even me——me, who am her natural guardian, and fifteenth couſin.

David. Laws, Sir, ſhe makes no more of you than if you were an olt woman, inſteat of an antient ſhentleman.

Everg. An *antient* gent——Oh! in point of family, you mean. Yes, yes,—but this is the laſt day of her triumph here; I would'nt have her another week in my houſe, if——

David. Huſh, Sir! here ſhe comes;—and her eyes full of miſchief.

[Miſs Archer *entering.*]

Miſs Arch. Where is my guardian—Oh, my ſweet guardian!

Everg. Sweet me, no ſweets? I have ſent five meſſages to your Ladyſhip this morning, ere I could have the honour of an interview.

Miſs Arch. My *wiſe* Guardian, then: it was to prepare you a preſent, my wiſe guardian, that I ſtaid—a marriage preſent!

Everg. A preſent, hey! What is it? what is it?

Miſs Arch. You are to be married in a day or two, I find, to a young and beautiful girl——it is a preſent ſuited to *ſuch* a bridegroom.

Everg. Let me ſee it!

Miſs Arch. Shut your eyes then. [*She goes behind him, and puts on a fool's cap with bells.*]

Everg. What the devil is it? a wedding night-cap?

Miſs Arch. Yes, a *night* and *day* cap—'tis yours for ever. [*Holding his hands, while he ſhakes his head to get rid of it.*]

Everg. I'll teach thee to laugh, Taffy, in a moment. Let go my hands. Take it off, Taf! or I'll make thy ſides ſhake to another tune.

[*David ſnatches the cap, and runs off.*

Miſs Arch. Now, are you not a moſt ungrateful guardian, to ſlight my gifts?

Everg. Miſs Archer! [*ſternly*].

Miſs Arch. Mr. Evergreen! [*gruffly*]

Everg. Young woman, you muſt attend to me.

Miſs Arch. *Young* man, I will.

Everg. I am, as you ſay, to be married in a day or two.

Miſs Arch. David! bring back the cap.

Everg. I have told you theſe ſix months to provide yourſelf with another home;—you now have but ſix hours to do it in.

Miſs Arch. Why?

Everg Becauſe I would not have my young innocent wife infected by your manners.

Miſs Arch. My manners, Sir—What better fate could happen to her? Is ſhe pretty?

Everg. As a young cherub.

Miſs Arch. Then I'll teach her to captivate the whole town. Why, *I*, Sir—I am not ſo handſome—that is, not ſo extremely handſome; yet, with *my manners*, I am every where the object.

Everg. But ſhe ſhall be an object no where.

Miſs Arch. But ſhe ſhall; I'll carry her with me all over the world; I'll teach her the equeſtrian bow in Hyde Park, and how to dart through the croud in the coffee-room at the Opera. She ſhall learn——

Everg. She ſhall learn, that, of all her miſchievous hoity-toity ſex, you are the laſt ſhe is to know; and I'll diſmiſs every ſervant, that ſhe may never hear your name.

Miſs

Miſs Arch. I'll be her bridemaid, and, before ſhe has been your wife ſix hours, give her more longings for laces, diamonds, feathers, and fops, than can be gratified in ſix years.

Everg. Huh!—h! Why the devil do you not marry yourſelf, and plague ſome other man. You have fools enough to chooſe from—Marry! you have my conſent.

Miſs Arch. But I want that of a much more important perſonage.

Everg. Whoſe?

Miſs Arch. My own. I ſhall not give up the right of making conqueſts yet;—when my time comes to retire from the ſcene of action, I'll pick out the moſt conſtant of my adorers, go gravely with him to church, drive ſoberly to the ſeat of his anceſtors, grow a dutiful wife, ſtudy family receipts and made wines; and when I have the honour of ſeeing your young widow with her *new* huſband, we'll drink to your memory in a cup of cowſlip of my own brewing [*court'ſeying*].

Everg. Seek new lodgings, Madam.

Miſs Arch. I ſhall not, indeed, Sir!

Everg. My houſe is my own, Madam! [*ferociouſly.*

Miſs Arch. And my guardian is my own, Sir! [*imitating.*] Are you not my own dear, ſweet guardian, and are you not going to have a ſweet wife, and to be a ſweet ſimpleton, at the ſweet age of ſixty? Oh, my ſweet, poor—poor, dear guardian! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Everg. Drink to my memory in wine of her own brewing!——I'll bribe ſome diſbanded enſign to carry her off, and make her glad to drink ſmall beer of her own brewing. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Doctor* Feelove's.

Enter Servant, *looking at a liſt.*

Serv. Let me ſee——one, two, three, four. Well, four new ones every morning, conſidering the ſeaſon has unhappily proved ſo healthy, would do pretty well. I muſt call the doctor—'tis time he was out of his ſtudy,—oh, here he comes,—ſeemingly in a paſſion.

Enter

Enter Feelove, *from the Flat, with ſeveral printed Bills in his Hand.*

Feelove. What are the nation about? What are the parliament about? Is this to be borne?—Here's a collection!—Every morning an inundation of new quacks. Here's a fellow cures the gout by injecting volatiles thro' your ears;—here's another freezes a fever by artificial ſnow, which he produces from the congealed perſpiration of the patient;—and this, purifies the blood from all diſorders, by the ſmell of muſhroom juice, philoſophically prepared. Why, what is to become of the regular practitioner, if theſe fellows are ſuffered to go on? What, I ſay, are the parliament about?

Serv. Conſidering, Sir.

Feelove. Conſidering! tax 'em! tax 'em!—The quacks *ſhall* be taxed. Have I been ſent for to any new patients to-day?

Serv. Yes, Sir; lady Juniper's dropſy has become troubleſome again——ſhe expects you at eleven. Mr. Calipaſh has a ſurfeit fever, and Mrs. Langriſh hopes you'll call in the courſe of the morning.

Feelove. Mr. Calipaſh a ſurfeit fever—hum! with the help of bark and aromatics, it may be prolonged three weeks, without injury to the patient.—As to old lady Juniper, frequent viſits will be uſeful,—for in one tapping more ſhe'll come to the dregs; and for my friend, Mrs. Langriſh, if I can't prevail on her to prate leſs, ſhe won't laſt me another ſpring—That woman will talk two hours without breathing, to deſcribe the effects of an emetic; and, if I did not lower her now and then by a gentle cathartic, ſhe'd evaporate through the lingual organs, like air through a cracked bladder.

Serv. I had like to have forgot—Mr. Bellair is coming, Sir!

Feelove. Coming! No, poor young fellow, he's going—he's going! there! there's the end of the life of a man of pleaſure—it muſt be very *unpleaſant* to be a man of pleaſure. Nothing could ever prevail on me to be a man of pleaſure,—Oh the temptations that I have

I have withſtood, from black eyes and grey, from tall and ſhort!

Serv. I have often thought, Sir, with ſubmiſſion—that the gentlemen of the wig go through more temptations than people are aware of.

Feelove. Aye, aye,—there are Joſephs in the faculty, I can promiſe ye. Oh! the white hands that I have ſeen put out between the ſarcenet curtains, with pulſe diſordered only by too much health! Oh the bright eyes that I have ſeen on ſnowy pillows! Oh the—but come, the faculty's great faculty is that of keeping ſecrets—I ſay no more. Did Mr. Bellair crawl up ſtairs laſt night?

Serv. No, Sir; I could not perſuade him, when he found Miſs Arabella was alone.

Feelove. Aye, he abhors women now—the ſight of a young woman throws him into a catalepſy. I have ſeen him faint only at the touch of Arabella's hand, when ſhe has been chaffing his temples with ſpirits of hartſhorn.

Serv. Yes, Sir. I have ſometimes thought he had been bit by ſome mad woman, and ſo had a ſort of hydrophobia towards the ſex. Here's ſomebody coming. [*looking through the wing*]

Feelove. Ah! I ſee who it is—you may go.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Evergreen.

Everg. Good morrow t'ye Doctor! Doctor Feelove, good morning! How are your pulſe to-day?

Feelove. Pho! a phyſician never thinks about his pulſe, any more than a lawyer about his conſcience; the pocket of the one, and the conſtitution of the other, both improve by the neglect.

Everg. Then why d'ye feel your patient's pulſe?

Feelove. One can't do leſs for a guinea.

Everg. Well, here are the parchments, [*taking them from his boſom*] here they are! Nothing but names wanting, and ſums.

Feelove. Names, and ſums, why are they wanting?

Everg. Why, that one may be clear. Your niece has thirty thouſand pounds; and you agree that ſhe ſhall be mine on paying you one-third for your conſent.

Feelove.

Feelove. One-half.

Everg. No,—one-third. I am ſure ten thouſand pounds for a ſimple *aye* is very well; we know a place, where they'd ſay aye for half the money.

Feelove. Come, don't libel your betters, till you are poor, and want a penſion. As to our affair, conſider every thing. You know I boarded Arabella, with two ſiſters, at a village in Cornwall, who could teach her nothing but her ſampler; the ſole employment of her life, for ſixteen years, has been her needle, with the occaſional reliefs of making ſeed-cake, and ſtewing codlings.

Everg. I know all that—I know all that.

Feelove. Yes, you know, but you don't draw the inference. Let me tell you that a girl who can't write, who never heard of Point or Bruſſels; whoſe only game at cards is *beggar my neighbour*; and who thinks the Play-houſe, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, the three great turnpikes to the devil, is a better fortune with *fifteen*, than a town bred miſs with *thirty* thouſand pounds.

Everg. Well, well, 'tis in vain to argue. Here take the parchments,—fill up the blanks, and write your name. Shall I ſee my little Bell?

Feelove. To be ſure. Call down my Niece. Tell her my lord Penmanmeaur is here.

Everg. How ſhall we manage when ſhe finds that I am not a lord, and that ſhe will not be a ladyſhip.

Feelove. Pho! that's eaſily managed with ſuch a novice. Tell her that a peerage, like the parliament, laſts but ſeven years, and that your time is up. Here ſhe comes! ſo, Arabella, here's his lordſhip.

Arabella *enters.*

Everg. My pretty Bell, my pretty Bell! why ſo ſad?—on the verge of riding under your own coronet,—why ſo ſad?

Arab. I am always ſad, I think. They told me, when I left Cornwall, I was coming to London to be very happy, but indeed I was happier there. In the mornings I rambled in the woods, and uſed to liſten to the ſweet birds till they made me weep;—in the evenings I walk'd by moonlight.—Oh! how I love moon-

light

light walks! with the diſtant village ſounds dying on the ear, till, like the ſoft ſhades of the flowers, they could hardly be diſtinguiſh'd.

Everg. Why, you may have moonlight in London, when it is not foggy; and ſounds of all ſorts.

Arab. But my uncle never ſuffers me to ſtir.

Feelove. No, to be ſure—not till you are married.

Everg. No, nor then neither, without your huſband.

Arab. Nor then neither! why they tell me, but I don't care about it, that when I am married I muſt pay viſits, and receive company, and ride in Hyde Park, and be always in public, without once thinking of my huſband.

Everg [*apart*] Doctor! five thouſand muſt be added for that.

Feelove. Why, how now, huſſey!—who has been putting theſe wicked notions into your head?

Arab. Why, ſure they can't be wicked, for the Rector's wife and daughters over the way do ſo; and go out in fine carriages, and have cards on Sundays.

Feelove. Huſſey! huſſey! that's a Biſhop's family—a pariſh prieſt dared not be ſo wicked for his ears.

Everg. Come, doctor, don't be ſo harſh—my little pet will be a good girl. I have convinced her that ſhe was made on purpoſe to be my wife; and that it will be the duty of my wife to hate gadding, and particularly to hate all young fellows.

Arab. No—you ſaid *particularly* thoſe with cockades and gorgets.

Everg. Did I?—then I was too ſlack. They are all the ſame—the gorgeted, the ſcarf'd, the broad bands, and the narrow bands; if they are young, you muſt hate them all—and if they preſume to talk nonſenſe to you, make me your ſecret keeper, and then I ſhall be able to hold you up, as the exact model of a perfect wife.

Feelove. Yes, and, like other models, it will be very badly copied. But pray, miſtreſs, in this pretty leſſon of your's, where do you find any thing about your viſitings, and gadding about, in the libertine ſtile you were juſt now ſpeaking of?

Everg.

Everg. No, no;—no modeſt woman receives viſits from any but relations; nor, amongſt thoſe, from none of a remoter degree than uncles and aunts.

Arab. What, not a Couſin?

Everg. Not if it's a male couſin.—Oh horrid! a male couſin in the family of a young married woman is a worſe monſter than a man-tiger.

Arab. But Mr. Bellair is *not* my Couſin,—ſo I may let him come without any harm:—Oh! how I ſhall like to ſupport his poor aching head on my boſom; and, when he is fainting, to give him cordials, and weep over him till he recovers. [*aſide.*

Feelove. What are you ſaying Arabella?

Arab. I was only conning my leſſon, Sir; that part of it is ſo pretty, that, whenever I think on it, I ſigh and feel ſo melancholy!—and yet 'tis a melancholy ſweeter than all the pleaſure I have ever taſted. [*Exit.*

Everg. Aye, go, go! that's my pretty Bel; get it all into your head, and never fear but it will influence your actions.

Feelove. I muſt leave ye, or my patients will be impatient.

Everg. Well, I ſhall ſee you again in the evening; meantime look over the parchments. [*Exit.*

Feelove. I will. Why, now I have been a fool; I have made the bargain more favourable on his ſide than I needed. I really believe he would have taken her with ten thouſand only. I'll try to ſtart ſome difficulty in the buſineſs.—I hate to be over-reach'd.

[*Exit with the parchments.*

SCENE, Carlton's.

Carlton *and* Bellair *at Breakfaſt.*

Carl. More ways than One indeed! and *your* way is moſt ſingular! imported with you, I ſuppoſe, from Leyden.—Aſſume *ſickneſs* to captivate a blooming girl! *ſuch* a way of love-making could never have occur'd but in a college.

Bel. My ſickneſs was aſſumed not to *captivate*, but to get *introduced* to her. You have often heard that pity

pity is ſiſter to love, and I have *proved* it ſo, in the heart of the gentle Arabella.

Enter a Servant, ſpeaking to Bellair.

Serv. Your ſervant has been here, Sir, to ſay that Doctor Feelove requeſts you not to call till one, as he is obliged to make a wide circuit this morning.

Bel. Very well. Bid him let my wrapping gown be ready, with my pale complexion, and all other neceſſaries. [*Exit ſervant*] I muſt have a wider gown: in *that* I am not ſufficiently ſcreen'd; who, but a Doctor, could believe that theſe limbs belong to a fellow in the laſt ſtage of an atrophy.

Carl. Oh, they are ſo uſed to wonders, you may make them believe any thing; but have you never yet found a moment to convince *the Lady*, that you have as much health and aſſurance as any man in town?

Bel. Never,—nor do I know that I yet wiſh it, for I ſhould then loſe the luxury of her tender aſſiſtances, the ſoft preſſure of her hand, and the tear dropping from her blue eye on my cheek, whilſt ſhe believes me in a ſtate of inſenſibility—How can I bear to give up all that?

Carl. Faith, I don't know.

Bel. Then to hear her ſigh, and aſk her uncle, in the tendereſt accents, "*if nothing can be done for me?*" I ſwear, a direct avowal of her paſſion would not give me ſuch tranſport. How charming! to witneſs nature's genuine feelings in a beautiful girl, inſtead of thoſe factitious one impos'd by education.

Carl. *Her* mode of education has been ſtrange ſure! do you find nothing repulſive in it.

Bel. Repulſive! quite the reverſe—it has a thouſand charms for me. Her mind is naturally ſo elegant and ingenuous, that the taſk of poliſhing it can be but ſlight, and that charming taſk will be mine! I ſhall be her enamour'd Abelard!

Carl. Is it ſo very charming to be a ſchool-maſter?

Bel. What a phraſe! [*impatiently*] To unite the characters of lover and inſtructor, ſeems to me the moſt intereſting of human ſituations.

"What

" What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
" To ſtop, and gaze on Delia as I go;
" To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
" And teach my *lovely ſcholar* all I know!"

So ſung, you know, one of our firſt poets.

Carl. One of our firſt poets is very welcome to have ſung, or ſaid it. But give me a woman whoſe ſoul is *all inform'd*, and alive to every enjoyment of taſte and feeling! I would rather my wife ſhould join in converſation with grace, than ſhrink from it, overpowered by her bluſhes; and that ſhe ſhould make the men afraid of her wit, rather than allure them by her ſimplicity.

Bel. You ſpeak as though you knew ſuch a woman?

Carl. Perhaps I may—but of that hereafter.

Bel. Hereafter be it then, for now I am impatient to be gone. I muſt practiſe an hour, before I ſhall reduce my pipe to the ſhrill tone ſuited to my appearance;—you would not inſure my life three days, if you ſhould ſee me when metamorphoſed.

Carl. Nor your underſtanding for three hours, now that I know the cauſe of it—but adieu! in a week you'll be recover'd.

[*Exeunt at oppoſite doors.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE *Doctor* Feelove's.

Arabella *ſitting at a Table, with Paper and Pencil.*

Arabella.

NO, that won't do [*taking up a ſlip of paper*]—Yes it will—no! it is not half ſo ſoft and pretty. [*retouches it*] There now! that little touch at the corner of the mouth has made it clear another thing. Oh, how happy thoſe ladies are that can draw!—if I could draw, I'd make his ſweet face ſo white; and his eye ſhould be juſt lifted up to me, as it is ſometimes; and between his lips I would ſee a little bit of his white teeth, and—

Enter Feelove.

Feelove. Heyday! what is ſhe about! [*peeping*] What now, Arabella! writing?

Arab. Oh, no; you know I can't write—I wiſh I could.

Feelove. Wiſh you could! why? to enlarge your ſphere of miſchief? pity there's a gooſe-quill in the kingdom, except thoſe in the hands of the faculty, the clergy, and the law;—though, as to the law, I believe, there would be no great harm, if theirs were taken away too. But what uſe, pray, would *you* make of a pen?

Arab. Oh, I'd write—I'd write down a ſong that I have been making out of my own head, but I can't finiſh it, becauſe I can't write. It begins——

Soft are my gentle Jockey's looks,
And lily pale his face.——

Feelove. "Lily pale his face."—Aye, that moſt young men can boaſt of—roſy cheeks are as ſcarce now

now in England, as roſe-buſhes in Scotland. Let me ſee that paper—what's this? a flower pot?

Arab. No, it's Jockey. [*very artleſly.*

Feelove. Jockey! why thou haſt a good pretty notion, girl, enough!—ſome fancy there—it might take a man a good while to explain it. But come, [*throwing down the paper, which ſhe picks up, and puts in her boſom.*] I want to talk to you a little. Here will be the poor young man preſently—Mr. Bellair.

Arab. Oh dear, will he? [*joyfully.*

Feelove. Now you know he's dying.

Arab. Is he, [*ſadly.*

Feelove. Therefore we muſt make hay while the ſun ſhines.

Arab. The ſun *won't* ſhine, when he dies. [*aſide.*

Feelove. He has a good fortune, and neither chick nor child. He muſt leave it to ſomebody you know, and moſt likely it will be to thoſe who are moſt kind to him; now I would have you ſhew every kind of decent civility to him, that a modeſt young woman may ſhew.

Arab. I am ſure I always do. I would lay down my life to bate his pains; ſometimes they are very bad, and then he graſps my hand ſo hard!—but I am not angry with him.

Feelove. No, to be ſure; he is ſick, poor man—if he was well 'twould be quite another thing—never let a man in health preſs your hand. But, as I was ſaying, I have no doubt but his gratitude will ſecure us ſome acknowledgment at his death.

Arab. Oh, dear uncle! you had better ſecure an acknowledgment for ſaving his life.

Feelove. Yes, but when people's lives are ſaved, they ſeldom think of an acknowledgment;—if you can get into a ſick man's will, 'tis ſafer to let him go.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Bellair is coming up, Sir.

Feelove. Oh, let me aſſiſt him. [*runs out*] Stay, good Sir!

Arab. Dear, dear, how weak he is! [*looking through the wing.*] But I declare he is not ſo pale—

no

no not half ſo pale as he was. Oh! how I ſhould love my uncle if he would recover him—I'd give all I have in the world!

Enter Bellair, *ſupported by* Feelove, *and the* Servant.

Feelove. Lean on me, good Mr. Bellair, lean harder! come, think me your nurſe, as well as your Doctor—you know we rank with old women.

Bel. [*Panting*] You are kind—hooh! very kind. Your ſtairs—hooh! have exhauſted too much of my waſting breath.

Feelove. Ay, ay, all our breaths are waſting; but come, take courage—you may have more years before ye, than *I* have yet, perhaps.

Bel. Yes, I gueſs I may; or Nature will play me a ſlippery trick. [*aſide.*] Pray ſupport me to that ſopha. [*advances a ſtep or two, then ſtops ſhort.*] That young woman there again! Oh, Doctor! do you not know how baneful to me, is the ſight of a young woman?

Arab. Dear, how can he hate me ſo? it will break my heart. [*aſide.*]

Feelove. Sir, my niece is uſeful in the room; you are ſometimes apt to be faintiſh, and maid-ſervants are ſo unhandy——But if ſhe offends you, ſhe ſhall go.—Go, Arabella.

Arab. Well, I can ſtay at the door, and ſee him through the crevice——Sure that can't offend him!—[*penſively*]

Bel. No, let her ſtay—let her ſtay! Going out of the world, as I am, it is my duty to conquer averſions. I will even let her ſit by me——Sit down, young lady! [*They both ſit on the ſopha.*]

Feelove. Where are your drops, Arry?

Arab. Here they be. [*She takes them from her pocket; he ſeizes the bottle and her hand together.*]

Feelove. Don't take too much of 'em, Sir—don't keep them too long at your noſe.

Bel. Oh, they revive me beyond expreſſion!

Arab. Yes, Sir, they are very good drops. Dear, how tight he holds my hand! [*aſide.*]

Bel,

Bel. My ſpirits are very low; and I have odd fancies, Doctor—very odd fancies!

Feelove. Aye, Sir, but you ſhould always oppoſe odd fancies. I knew an old lady, who fancied herſelf purſued by Death—She ſwore he ſhould not have her, and actually contended with the phantaſm ſo long, that ſhe vanquiſhed him. That very obſtinacy which ſent three huſbands out of the world, kept her in it, contrary to the predictions of the wiſeſt heads in Warwick-lane.

Bel. But I have a ſtranger fancy than that, Doctor.—I have a fancy that I ſhall live, and be ſome day or other a hale, ſtout young fellow.

Feelove. [*aſide.*] That's a ſtrange fancy, indeed!

Bel. And that many beings may yet owe life to me.

Feelove. I have no doubt of it, Sir . . . . . Beings of the reptile kind. [*aſide.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is a gentlewoman, very earneſt to conſult you.

Feelove. I'll be with her in a moment. Will you give me leave?

Bel. Go, go, good Doctor, I will try to recover myſelf, to tell you my new ſymptoms, when you return.—But pray don't hurry the gentlewoman.

[*Exit Feelove. Bellair turns and gazes on Arabella*]

Bel. Oh, angel!

Arab. Is he going to pray? how fiery his eyes look! [*aſide.*] . . . . . Pray, Sir, quiet yourſelf; reſt your head a little on me—I fancy it is in pain. [*He reſts his head on her ſhoulder, with his arm round her.*]

Bel. Oh, Epicures and voluptuaries!

Arab. He talks Latin! they ſay people do ſo when they are poſſeſs'd. [*aſide.*]

Bel. No, this is too much! [*lifting his head.*] I will declare myſelf at once.

Arab. Dear Sir, if you have any ſins upon your mind, the ſooner you declare them the better—it may make your conſcience eaſy.

Bel.

Bel. Yes, I will declare——Oh, moſt enchanting —[*drops on one knee; Feelove enters, and he lets himſelf fall on the floor.*]

Arab. Oh!

Feelove. Bleſs me, he is fainting!—aye, he is far gone indeed, poor man!——Very odd! [*taking his hand.*] His pulſe is good, though *he* is ſo bad.

Arab. When he fell he was going to declare ſome crime to me—

Feelove. Some crime!

Arab. Yes, and it ſeemed to overpower his conſcience ſo, the moment he began to ſpeak, that he could not bear it.

Feelove. Aye, he has been but bad, I doubt, but now he pays for all. Come, Sir, cheer ye, cheer ye! [*helping him up.*] I won't leave ye again; I'll ſit by ye, if its an hour;—the very ſight of a Doctor is better, ſometimes, than phyſic.

Bel. Oh, Sir, you are very kind! but I believe I ſhall not be the better for you now. In the afternoon, if you'll permit me, I ſhall call again.

Feelove. I'll go to you.

Bel. Not for the world!—I give you too much trouble. The air of this part of the town, ſo near the Park, revives me—Permit me to come as often as I can; I hope I ſhall not be long in this ſad way. Pray, Doctor! [*putting a bank note in his hand.*]

Feelove. Sir, it is needleſs. [*putting it in his pocket.*]

Bel. The young lady's drops are very good. About *ſix* I'll be here again—you'll let her be in the way.

Feelove. That ſhe ſhall. Come, Sir, lean on me. [*Exeunt. Bellair gazing on Arabella.*]

Arab. Dear, how he looks at me! it thrills my boſom through and through! Sure he can have no very great crime on his mind—I am ſure he never can have been wicked—I'll endeavour to comfort him when he comes again. Meantime, I'll go into my own room, and try to finiſh this. [*taking the paper from her boſom.*] I think I can make it look a little as he did juſt now,—and then—then, if he dies——[*dropping a tear*] I can look at this, and think of him! [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *the Horſe Guards.*

Enter Carlton, *followed by* Bellair *in a Chair.*

Bel. [*to the Chairman*] Stop—ſtop! Carlton—[*gets out of the chair, and throws in his gown.*] There! carry it home, and call for me at ſix.

Carl. Oh, oh! what return'd from the Doctor's?

Bel. This moment left the houſe;—this moment left——Oh, Carlton!—I ſhall be there again at ſix—My time will *hang* on my hands till then—how ſhall I kill the heavy hours?

Carl. If you really want to murder them, go home, and ſend for a dozen of the reforming reports: if you want only to forget them, go with me.

Bel. Where?

Carl. To call on Sir Marvel Muſhroom. I pay him a viſit once in ſix months, ſtay ſix minutes; and laugh, after I have left him, ſix hours.

Bel. Who the devil is this Sir Marvel, who is ſuch a ſpecific for *ennui?*

Carl. Been in London a month, and not know Sir Marvel! Why, Sir Marvel was the other day a grocer, or an ironmonger, or a cheeſemonger, I don't remember which—near one of the city gates, I don't remember where.

Bel. What is he now?

Carl. Now! a man of figure, Sir—a man of expence. To be ſeen every morning in Hyde Park, on a little Galloway, followed by two ſervants on a brace of hunters. Every noon in a phaeton, making the circuit of St. James's-ſtreet, Pall Mall, and the Hay Market; and every night, in every place where a ticket or effrontery can admit him.

Bel. Well, but where's the peculiarity of all this?

Carl. Oh, all that's nothing—the *captivating* part of the Knight is to come. At the youthful age of forty ſome relation left him a large eſtate:—He threw off his apron, drove to his domains in a poſt chaiſe *and ſix*, roaſted bullocks, broach'd hogſheads, &c. &c. was next year ſheriff for the county, and carried up an addreſs—This accounts for his title.

Bel.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! Well!

Carl. His Honour now found it neceſſary to *read*, on the penalty of being ſilent wherever he went—to which his loquacity could not ſubmit. He accordingly buys every author on every ſubject; peruſes poetry, tactics, philoſophy, botany, cookery, agriculture; and to ſhew that he can read, is for ever quoting.

Bel. Tireſome enough!

Carl. Not at all——as *he* manages, 'tis moſt pleaſant; for beginning to read ſo late in life, with the *advantage* of a very bad memory, he makes the happieſt miſtakes imaginable. His head contains an olio of arts and ſciences, ſo mingled and confuſed that he conſtantly ſpeaks of one thing for another; and if Boyle or Clarendon are mention'd, ten to one but he'll give ye an old catch as a ſpecimen of their talents.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha!

Carl. His French valet aſſiſts in furniſhing the inſide of his head, as well as to frize the out, and always give his maſter the theme for the day.

Bel. Precious! this fellow muſt be excellent to kill time with—let us go directly.

Carl. With all my heart—he receives a new acquaintance as eagerly as a new book; and whether you are in calf-ſkin or morocco, it will make no difference to Sir Marvel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Dreſſing Room.*

[Sir Marvel *at his toilet, attended by* Le Gout, *who is powdering his hair with a puff.*]

Marv. Depechez, monſieur—depechez! I am impatient.

Le Gout. Ah, monſieur! de Inglis be tous jours ſo, and for dat reaſon dey will never do credit to dere valets. A French general ſpend as much time in taking de powder in his hair, as in direction de powder to his enemy; and would rader *live*, dan be found dead in the field of battle *ill* dreſs.

Marv. Aye, but *now*, you know, monſieur, the French are going to follow us—*we* are all the *go* in

Paris. Next war I dare ſay your generals will head their armies in buckſkin, and bobwigs; and if they are found dead on the field of battle, it will be with Britiſh balls in their bodies. *(ſtarting up)* Have done! you have been as long raiſing the ſiege of that curl, as the Goths were in taking Cuba.

Le Gout. Nay den, monſieur, I vill ave done; but pardon me, monſieur! it does uſe me very ill; I vill live vid no maſter who ſo diſgrace me.

Marv. Diſgrace you!

Le Gout. Oui, ſans doute, de diſgrace be mine. De quality will not ſay of you—"*Oh, what Burgeois be dat! ah, mon Dieu, quelle bete!*" dey will ſay who dreſt dat man? he be as *mal adroit* as a Flemiſh boor—ſend him a new valet, he be dreſs by a Dutch barber." My reputation be concern'd, monſieur.

Marv. Why now you know, Le Gout, I take great care of your reputation, and form myſelf entirely on your documents. You have liv'd ſo long with dukes and lords, and noble cricketers, and gentlemen cheſs players, that you know the daſh of high life exactly; and if I had a ſon, I would prefer you to any French governor in London.

Le Gout. Oh, as to dat, monſieur, I would not be French governor to any ting. Running about after little maſter—ſitting behind him at de play, and vid my back to de horſes in de vis-a-vis, and be at de bottom of de table when de chaplain ave leave of abſence;——no, no, ſome French governors dat I know ave taken up de powder puff again, and prefer dere original occupation of valet, to de pleaſure of whipping maſter for von hundred a year, and being tied to his jacket, like de keys to de houſekeeper's girdle.

Marv. Well but, monſieur, have you thought of a ſubject for me to day—You can't conceive how brilliant I was at Mrs. Flanconade's yeſterday. She thought to poſe me once, and interrupted me with *(ſpeaking in a thick voice.)* "Pray, Sir Marvel Muſhroom, at what time was the Roman republic in its glory?" Very good, ma'am, ſays I—very good! as tho' all the world did not know the republic was in its greateſt luſtre when Alexander the Great was king

at

at Rome—ha, ha, ha! No conceiving how it was enjoy'd—ha, ha, ha!

Le Gout. Dere monſieur! dere! I be diſgrace again. Why Alexander was never king at Rome, he was king of de Turcs.

Marv. You are right, you are right, Monſieur. The dog is clearly wrong, but I dare not contradict him. [*aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman, whoſe name is Pearlaſh, is below, Sir.

Marv. Pearlaſh——Pearlaſh! oh, I remember; I knew him laſt year at Brighton. The ſon of a ſoap boiler, Le Gout. What the devil does he want?

Serv. He only ſent up his name, Sir.

Marv. His name! why ſurely he does not put himſelf on a viſiting foot. Tell him, I am engag'd at preſent——ſome other time——

Le Gout. Oh, wrong, Monſieur!—pardon me, quite wrong!

Marv. Why! ſhould I *receive* him?

Le Gout. Sans doute—receive every body. De great people make all dere power dat way. In Groſvenor-ſquare, a citizen ſend his name to a lord;—de lord ſhrug his ſhoulders—"*damn de greaſy ſoap boiler—ſend him up!*" He fly to receive him, catches his hand—"My dear Mr. Pearlaſh, how I am oblige for dis honeur!—where have you been dis age? can I do any ting for you?—make uſe of me—give me de happineſs to ſerve you!"

Marv. Do they condeſcend ſo much!

Le Gout. Condeſcend!—pſhaw! dat idea is baniſh de world—dere is no condeſcenſion. De canaille is de fountain of riches, derefore de lords treat dem vid reſpect, and tell dem of dere *majeſty:* in return, de Canaille, burſting vid vanity and gratitude, let de Lords drain dere purſes, and ſo bote ſides reſt ſatisfie.

Marv. Enough! Lead the way. [*to the Servant.*] Le Gout, follow. I'll ſnatch his hand, and outdo a duke in the warmth of my embraces. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Carlton *and* Bellair, *with another Servant.*

Serv. Sir Marvel is juſt gone down to ſome company, Sir.—I'll inform him that you are here. [*Exit.*

Carl. Was not that the lovely Bab Archer, you bowed to, as we came in?

Bel. It was Miſs Archer; but you don't think her handſome?

Carl. Critically ſo—perhaps not; but ſhe is *more*—ſhe is *captivating!* Her voice is melody; and there is elegant mind in every motion.

Bel. Elegant mind, do you call it? I am ſure her's is a moſt inſolent one.—I knew her abroad; and this woman, who in your opinion is made up of melody, ſweetneſs, and witchery, is the moſt perverſe, the moſt capricious, the moſt proud, the——

Carl. Tut! tut! that is to ſay, you have been her ſlave, and a *neglected* one.

Bel. Faith, there is hardly a man of your acquaintance who will not ſubſcribe to my opinion of her.

Carl. The ſtrongeſt proof of her charms, and of her power. I adore her for being hated by all the men who have had the preſumption to ſigh for her. There is a degree of impurity in a woman who ſmiles on, and liſtens to, all who choſe to make love to her. When I marry, my wife muſt bring me an ear as uneſſayed as her heart; and the firſt whiſpers of love that reach her, muſt be from my lips.

Bel. Well, carry your whiſpers to Miſs Archer, kneel, ſigh, weep, and——be deſpiſed!

Carl. Ha, ha, ha!

Bel. What do you laugh at?

Carl. At your conceiving that, with a woman of *her* character, I ſhould purſue ſo *beaten* a track. No, no; I have reſolv'd to woo her, but it ſhall be by an appearance of indifference. I'll ſet her heart in a blaze by my coldneſs, and conquer her with ſlights.

Bel. Why your way of love making is more ſingular than mine; but as to its ſucceſs, I ſhould as ſoon believe the floating batteries had more effectually been attack'd by ſnow balls, than Elliot's red hot bullets.

Carl.

Carl. A flaming alluſion!—but here comes our Knight. [*Enter* Marvel *and* Le Gout.] My dear Sir Marvel, Mr. Bellair begs to be known to you.

Marv. My dear Sir, I do not deſerve ſo great an honour. [*Embracing Bellair*] Can I do any thing for you?—make uſe of me—give me the happineſs to ſerve you.

Le Gout. Monſieur—Monſieur! dis is not the way to treat *gentlemen*. You muſt embrace, and make offers of ſervice, only to de canaille. [*aſide.*]

Marv. Enough! did you come from the country, Mr. Bellair?

Bel. From Leyden.

Marv. Leyden! you came from Leyden—ah! I remember that's the place where they are ſo famous for lead mines.

Bel. There is no ſtanding this. [*to Carlton.*] You have good paintings, Sir Marvel. [*looking round.*]

Marv. Yes, I flatter myſelf I have taſte that way. We have moderns who pretend to paint—ha, ha!—ſave us from modern painters!—the antique is the thing! Now, for a portrait painter, there's nobody like that little droll fellow, Eraſmus; he gave us fleſh and blood to the life! —But for a cabinet piece, give me a Dutch Fair by Scipio Africanus. What is he laughing at? he behaves very oddly? [*to Carlton*]

Carl. You muſt excuſe him——unhappily ignorant——has read nothing.

Marv. Indeed! I'll offer him my library. My dear Sir, you'll pardon me; but one can make no figure without reading. In ſuch a place as Leyden, you can have had no opportunities—My library is at your ſervice.

Bel. You do me a moſt particular favour, Sir Marvel. Well choſen, I am ſure it muſt be.

Marv. Oh, as to that—yes, yes, Sir—aye, Mr. Carlton, you have ſeen my library. All the poets from Mecænas to Shaftſbury. All the dramatic writers of name—including Shakſpeare, Lycurgus, and Pliny.—Read *well*, Sir; and after you have read, begin to write.

Bel. Write!

Marv.

Marv. Oh, yes; one is not finiſh'd without it—every body writes. One cannot put one's head into company without meeting half a dozen ode-writing miſſes, and matrons who compoſe eſſays—but ſatire is my forte.

Carl. What then *you* write, Sir Marvel.

Marv. Trifles! trifles! There is a thing of mine in the papers to-day. You know, for every body knows, Miſs Archer?

Carl. Doubtleſs.

Marv. You know ſhe is the moſt haughty, affected creature living; and to-day I gave her in doggerel—mark that—in *doggerel*; heroic verſe would have been too dignified for the ſubject. There ſhe is, in the poet's corner at full length.

Carl. Satirize Miſs Archer! ſurely you have not dared.

Marv. Yes I have. Why not ſatirize Miſs Archer? I ſatirize myſelf ſometimes, and anſwer it again the next day.

Carl. By Heaven! on reflection, it pleaſes me.

Marv. Beſides, to tell you the truth, there is another reaſon——Now I ſhall ſurpriſe ye, I know; —I hardly expect ye to believe me—but—in ſhort, ſhe has actually refuſed *me!*

Bel. Refuſed you! Nay then, Carlton, you may as well give it up—You'll hardly expect to ſucceed where Sir Marvel has failed.

Marv. Oh I don't know that—I don't know that; thoſe capricious women generally chooſe the worſt—You know the proverb--dainty dogs.

Carl. Delicate! So 'tis revenge, then——

Marv. Yes, revenge——But I ſtill continue to viſit her in a friendly way; for ſhe's faſhionable, and one finds the firſt daſh there: Beſides, I have ſuch good nature and generoſity about me, that I never can be out of humour with people to their faces.

Carl. In courſe you don't mean to acknowledge your ſatire. But is it very ſevere?

Marv. Oh, tears her like a bramble buſh.

Carl. Then do me the favour to give *me* for the author.

Marv.

Marv. Are you ſerious?

Carl. Moſt particularly ſo:—In ſhort, I want to be introduced to her, and I know no better way.

Bel. Tell her he is dying for her—that's a better way.

Carl Yes, to be made a fool. Will you oblige me?

Marv. To be ſure——Gad, I ſhall like ſuch a ſcreen! for I have had the terror of her fingers before my eyes.

Carl. Go, then, this inſtant, my dear Sir Marvel; not a moment to be loſt! Come, Bellair. Let nothing tempt you to betray that you are the poet. [*Exeunt.*

Marv. Never fear! I am not a gooſe, to betray the Capitol.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

An Apartment at Evergreen's.

Enter Miſs Juvenile, *and a* Servant.

Miſs Juvenile.

TELL Miſs Archer I can't ſtay a minute, I have only brought a newſpaper to ſhew her. [*exit Serv.*] Lud! lud! how this will gall her! I never read ſuch a piece of abuſe in my life.—I wonder how the author got it in! I have wrote twenty pretty things of this ſort myſelf; but ſome wiſe, grave editor or other, always cropt my laurels. The next morning the anſwers to correſpondents never failed to inform them that, "*The lines of L. S. were inadmiſſible*;" or, "The epigram ſigned Laura *wont do for our Paper*;" or "we muſt deſire our fair correſpondent Clariſſa to *learn to ſpell*, before ſhe pretends to write heroic verſe." I wonder really at their impertinence;—that a young lady of faſhion can't amuſe herſelf in rhyming a little about her friends, but they muſt pretend to judge of the matter!

Miſs Archer *enters.*

Oh, my dear Miſs Archer! do you know that ſome cruel wretch here——

Miſs Arch. Oh, yes, my dear, I know it all; you are the fifteenth lady who has been here this morning, to inform me of it. Upon my word a newſpaper paſquinade is a mighty good thing—it makes one's friends remember one.

Juv. [*aſide,*] Deuce take 'em! I thought to have been the firſt,—now I don't know how it touch'd her.

Miſs Arch. Why do you muſe, my dear?

Juv. Oh, muſe—why I am muſing upon the wickedneſs of people—to dare—to be able——

Miſs

Miſs Arch. Oh, never think about it. I tell you ſuch things are rather a diſtinction—to be abuſed in a newſpaper is to be rank'd with half the amiable and great characters in exiſtence. Hah! here's another viſitant, with another newſpaper! Why my friends are ſo numerous, they'll be oblig'd to put forth another impreſſion before noon. Good morning, Sir Marvel Muſhroom!

Enter Sir Marvel.

Marv. Dear ma'am, your moſt devoted! Have you heard of this ſcurrilous abuſe?—Oh, yes, you have heard, I ſee;—Miſs Juvenile is here.

Miſs Arch. You might have met half your acquaintance here twenty minutes ago, they are kindly gone to diſperſe the papers.

Miſs Juv. Pray, Sir Marvel, can you gueſs at the writer?

Marv. Oh, that's not a fair queſtion. What do you think of the lines?

Miſs Juv. Pointed to the laſt degree! witty and ſevere!

Marv. A'n't they?—this couplet

[*They each read alternately, Miſs* Archer *ſtanding between them.*]

Marvel.

" Vainly does Molly break ſix laces,
" *Some* forms won't yield to *leathern traces.*"

Miſs Juv. And this——

" The bluſhes form'd with ſo much art,"

Marvel.

" The eaſy ſwim, the ſtudied ſtart,"

Miſs Juv. " The affected——

Miſs Arch. Nay, pray, good people! have a little compaſſion!

[*She claps a hand before each mouth; they ſtruggle to ſpeak, with their eyes fixed on the papers; as ſhe removes her hands, they each ſpeak.*]

Marvel.

——— ——— ——— ———" Clear ſtarcher!"

Miſs Juvenile.

——— ——— ——— ———" *Miſs* Archer!

Marv. What dy'e think of it, ma'am?

Miſs Arch. What is your motive for reading it to *me?*

Marv. Motive—motive—why 'tis fit every body ſhould know what's ſaid of them. That great philoſopher, *Heliogabalus*, ſaid the abuſes of his enemies were more ſerviceable to him than the praiſes of his friends.

Miſs Arch. I am quite of that opinion, and wiſh therefore, to know whom I have to thank for *this* ſervice.

Marv. Do you? would you really wiſh to know him?

Miſs Arch. Yes, really.

Marv. Shall I bring him to you?

Miſs Arch. Then *you* know him?

Marv. Perfectly well. I will not give his name, but if you have any curioſity, he ſhall receive your thanks in perſon this evening.

Miſs Arch. I ſhould like it above all things. I have ſpent a life in hearing flatteries and falſehoods—let me for once ſee a man who has the courage to ſpeak what he thinks. Pardon me for leaving you—I ſhall expect you and my panegyriſt at *ſeven.* [*Exit.*

Miſs Juv. You ſee ſhe can't ſtand it—ſhe is finely nettled.

Marv. Yes, yes, ſhe feels it.—I am not ſurpriſed at it.

Miſs Juv. I wonder what blockhead wrote it! for, between ourſelves, I never read more wretched ſtuff.

Marv. Wretched ſtuff!

Miſs Juv. Oh, vile! tho' I made *her* believe I thought it all wit and poignancy.

Marv. Why really, Miſs Juvenile, I am ſurpriſed that people will give opinions ſo raſhly. Miſs, the perſon who wrote this little *morceau* is remarkable for his ſkill in *belles lettres.*

Miſs Juv. *Belles lettres!*—ſkill in *bell metal* might do for ſuch lines as theſe—they might be hammer'd out of any thing.

Marv. Very well, ma'am! very well! I muſt beg leave to ſay, that it is not ſo agreeable to hear the talents of one's friends ſlighted.

Miſs

Miſs Juv. Indeed! you are mighty liberal;—in general 'tis the moſt agreeable treat a friend can have. I wiſh you wou'd let me know who this friend is, for whoſe reputation you are in ſuch pain.

Marv. What dy'e think of Mr. Carlton?

Miſs Juv. What do I think? ha, ha, ha!—— My dear Sir Marvel!

Marv. Nay, if you wont believe me, come this evening and ſee him here.

Miſs Juv. Well, really now, it is ſurpriſing!—I did not think he had poſſeſs'd ſo much ill-nature.

Marv. Ill nature! Let me tell you, Miſs Juvenile, private ill-nature may be a public good. To make people's time paſs happily is very benevolent, and if it was not for a little pleaſant thing of this ſort, now and then in a morning, people's chocolate would be as dull and inſipid as the Ve—Venetian black broth.

Miſs Juv. Spartan, I fancy you mean.

Marv. Spart—gad! that's very true; what a ridiculous miſtake!—ha, ha, ha! Thank ye, Miſs—thank ye. Yes, I remember now, the Venetians were thoſe who joined the Macedonians in the war againſt Philip;—how could I make ſuch a miſtake!—ha, ha, ha!

Miſs Juv. One may as well be quiet—in trying to help the poor man out, he gets but the deeper in. *(aſide).* Pray, Sir Marvel, order my chair.

Marv. Yes, ma'am, yes. *Venetian!*—how could I make ſuch a miſtake? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Bellair's *Lodgings.*

Carlton and Bellair ariſe from a table with glaſſes, &c.

Carl And ſo you really mean to perſuade the innocent thing, that running away with *Harry Bellair* is the moſt honourable ſtep ſhe can take?

Bel. At leaſt the happieſt; for does ſhe not love me? What is her fate if ſhe ſtays? She will be huddled, in leſs than three days, into a marriage, with a paſſion in her heart, adding bitterneſs to diſguſt and mortification.

Carl. Where would you place her to be in ſafety?

Bel.

Bel. I have a friend in town, the gravity of whoſe character will be a ſhield to hers. I have neglected him ſince I came from Leyden, but I'll go and make it up with him this very day. Let that paſs—now to my queſtion; will you aſſiſt in the *enlevement?*

Carl. If I am not ſummon'd to the adorable Archer. If my ſcheme there takes place———

Bel. That's really too abſurd! If ſhe believes you to be the author of that vile abuſe, and invites you, it muſt be to poiſon you.

Carl. I don't care with what *view* it is, if I am but invited;—I ſhall be ſure, at leaſt, not to rank with the brilliant captains, the Sir Tommys, and Sir Neddys, who are receiv'd, court'ſey'd to, and forgot.

Bel. No, you'll certainly be remember'd.

Carl. I am convinc'd that a woman who has been admired all over Europe, and returns with an untouch'd heart, is not to be won by flattery, or by ſtooping to her power. 'Tis *pride* ſecures her, and her pride muſt be taken down, before Love can find a vulnerable place for his darts.

Bel. That will do for a figure——

Carl. Aye, and for a reaſon too;—I ſhall govern myſelf by it, however.

Enter a Servant to Bellair.

Serv. The perſon you ſent for, Sir, is in the parlour.

Bel. I'll attend him—excuſe me half a moment.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Marvel Muſhroom enquires for you, Sir, he has been at your lodgings, and was directed hither.

Carl. Admit him! admit him! [*he enters*] My dear Sir Marvel, what news from the lady?

Marv. Oh, I found her as inflammable as one of Montgolfier's balloons. The whole town had been with her—the whole town is mad about my ſatire!

Carl. Then 'tis in vain for me to hope for the credit of being its author——it is not in mortal wight to lend ſo much reputation, for half an hour.

Marv.

Marv. Oh, but you are miſtaken—I diſclaim'd it—diſclaim'd all the glory—and ſhe deſires this evening to ſee the incomparable author.—So you will, Pyramus like, drive, for one day, the chariot of the Sun.

Carl. Shall I?—will ſhe ſee me?

Marv. She pants for an interview: the beauteous Helen was not more deſirous of receiving Leander, when he ſwam every night acroſs the Mediterranean. I have promiſed to carry you this evening. But be ſure you don't give me as the poet, till I give the word.

Carl. Nothing can be farther from my deſign—You ſhall gather your laurels when you pleaſe. I prize this mode of introduction ſo highly, that I know not how to return the favour.

Marv. Oh, Lord, nothing can be ſo eaſy. I hear you have a pretty poetical quill, and that you ſometimes write Latin verſes;—publiſh a volume, and call it mine.

Carl. I'll conſider it.

Marv. You may throw in a touch of Greek, too. I ſhould learn Greek, for the pleaſure of reading Ovid, but their d—d crooked characters are ſo alike, that one may as well attempt to learn Spaniſh, of Dutch mackerel.

Carl. My dear friend, I am too impatient to give the time I ought to your erudition;—I had rather hold a convention with my taylor and valet than with Ovid and Horace; and had rather this night be as well dreſt as *Count Grammont*, than as well read as *Doctor Johnſon*.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bellair *and a* Stranger.

Marv. Hah, my dear Mr. Bellair! Will you excuſe me; I can't ſtay—I came to call on Mr. Carlton. I have done his buſineſs for him—He's going to viſit the lady, and he ſwears he'll be as well dreſt as Doctor Johnſon. [*Exit.*

Bel. Then, Sir, you know your buſineſs. You are to go to Mr. Feelove's, and tell him——But ſtay, can you weep on occaſion?

Strang. Oh, yes Sir, I don't doubt but I can ſqueeze a tear, upon a pinch.

Bel.

Bel. Well, ſqueeze as many as you can; and tell him that your wife is in extremity at Hampſtead, and deſires his immediate aſſiſtance.

Strang. My wife!—then I'd better not cry, Sir; it won't ſeem ſo natural.

Bel. Ha, ha! Well, manage that as you will.—Here is ſomething for your ingenuity—Be ſure, at all events you ſee the Doctor into his chariot, and give him a direction to ſome houſe in Hampſtead.

Strang. Never fear me——I humbly thank ye, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bel. So! having made a clear road for the Doctor, I can fearleſly purſue my own. My ſweet Arabella! in ten minutes I'll be at thy feet. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Feelove's.

[Evergreen *aſleep on a ſopha*, Arabella *ſitting at work, on a chair. After looking on him, ſhe riſes.*]

Arab. Oh, how different it ſeems when Mr. Bellair is on that ſopha! I could ſit and look at him for ever. If he was aſleep, I'd take ſuch care that nothing ſhould diſturb him;—but I don't look at *him* with any pleaſure—I don't care whether he wakes or no.

Everg. [*beginning to wake.*] Never fear, Doctor, ſhe'll be—[*yawning*]—ſhe'll be a very good girl.

Arab. To be ſure I muſt try to be good; but I ſhall never be happy, though! [*penſively*]

Everg. Mind what I ſay, my pretty Bell—The young fellows—the young fellows are all rogues, villains, and——heydey! where's the Doctor?

Arab. He's gone to Hampſtead.

Everg. Hampſtead! Why, how long have I been aſleep? Bleſs me! [*looking at his watch*] 'Tis ſix o'clock.——I muſt go——A'n't you ſorry, my pretty Bell?

Arab. No.

Everg. Not ſorry!

Arab. Why muſt I be ſorry?

Everg. Becauſe I am going to leave you. When you are my wife you muſt be ſorry always in my abſence, and glad in my preſence.

Arab.

Arab. Why muſt I be glad?

Everg. Why!—why becauſe I am with you, to talk to you, and to warn you againſt the enſnaring devices of young men, who, like ſpiders, ſpread their cobwebs every where to catch ſuch ſilly flies as you.

Arab. Dear me, how can you think ſo? Spiders are frightful creatures, but young men are not frightful. When my uncle took me out in his chariot, they looked at me ſo kindly? If I had been their ſiſter, they could not have ſeemed to like me better.

Everg. No, they would not then have liked you ſo well. But you are very ignorant, Bell; very ignorant, indeed! However, you have time enough to improve. —When you are Lady Penmanmaure, you'll be quite a different thing. Good by'e, pretty Bell! you ſhall ſee me again to night. [*Exit.*

Arab. I don't care whether I ever ſee you again or not. It's very odd now—every time I ſee him, I like him worſe and worſe; and every time I ſee Mr. Bellair I like him better and better. [*Enter* Servant] Thomas, if Mr. Bellair ſhould come, don't ſay my uncle is out, then perhaps he'll go away, and won't come up.

Thomas. He is here now, Miſs. He ſeem'd very ſorry that my maſter was abſent; but ſaid he'd wait to have ſome of your ſal volatile, when his Lordſhip was gone—and he ſent me now to aſk if you'd admit him.

Arab. Oh, yes, yes!——How glad I am my Lord is gone. Dear me, now, I am all in a flutter! What can make me tremble ſo?

Enter Bellair, *leaning on a Servant.*

Bel. Gently! gently! Support me to the ſopha.—There! now you may go. [*Exit* Servant.] Your drops, ſweet young lady!

Arab. Here they are, Sir;—I hope they'll do you good.

Bel. Do you hope ſo! [*holding both her hands.*]—Do you *wiſh* me to recover?

Arab. There is nothing in the world I wiſh for ſo much.

Bel. Who knows but it may be in your power?

Arab.

Arab. Oh, dear Sir, you can't recover. My uncle ſays—and you know he is a great Doctor—that you muſt dye.

Bel. [*ſtill holding her hands.*] And can you bear to ſee me dye?

Arab. No, I ſhan't ſee you die; and I hope I never ſhall hear of it. But I ſhall know it; for I ſhall then ſee you no more. [*mournfully.*]

Bel. Oh! [*in extacy*]

Arab. I am ſorry you are in ſuch pain—you ſee how bad you are; you'll hardly be able to come any more—But I have ſomething to comfort me.

Bel. What!—What! [*alarmed.*]

Arab. I have your picture—I drew it myſelf—— Nobody would know it to be you but me;—but I can make out all your face.

Bel. Oh, God of Love! thou canſt have no happineſs in ſtore for me after this!

Arab. Oh, don't fear, Sir!—you will be very happy.

Bel. Yes!—yes, moſt adorable! I ſhall indeed be happy, for thou haſt pronounced it. See at your feet the moſt faithful and paſſionate of lovers. You have been deceived in me; I am not dying except I dye now, through exceſs of bliſs. [*kiſſing her hand, and riſing.*]

Arab. Gracious!

Bel. It will take too long to explain now, how firſt I ſaw, how firſt I loved you.

Arab. What *do* you love me?

Bel. More than my life! and I come to ſave you from miſery. You are on the brink of marriage with a man you muſt hate.

Arab. How can you ſave me from that?

Bel. By marrying you myſelf.

Arab. What *may* you marry me?

Bel. Yes, ſweet innocence!

Arab. I thought I could marry nobody but that old Lord?

Bel. No, you ſhall never marry him, unleſs you chooſe it.

Arab,

Arab. Chooſe it!

Bel. There is but one way to prevent it;—you muſt leave your uncle's houſe, put yourſelf under my protection, and then become the miſtreſs of my fate.

Arab. And when muſt I do this?

Bel. To-night.

Arab. Goodneſs! and is it really in my power *not* to marry him, and to marry you? and will it be my *duty* to love you, and to ſit by you, and to watch your ſlumbers?

Bel. Oh, my angel! whilſt it continues to be your *choice*, never think about the *duty*. Will you be ready to go with me to-night.

Arab. Go with *you!* Yes, indeed——But where?

Bel. I am now going to prevail on a friend of mine to honour his houſe, by making it your aſylum till you remove to your own. I will be in the ſtreet at ten; a dark lanthorn ſhall be my ſignal—The moment you perceive it, leave the roof under which your ruin has been plann'd.

Arab. I will, indeed.

Bel. Let nothing ſtop you.

Arab. No—not if my uncle was to beg ever ſo much.

Bel. One kiſs from each dear hand—'tis all I will aſk till you are my own. Adieu! Remember ten.

[*Exit.*

Arab. Can it be all true? Mr. Bellair not dying, and loves me, and I to be his wife! It is—it is! theſe dear marks on my hands are real—[*kiſſing them.*] Oh, happy, happy, Arabella! [*Exit.*

SCENE, Evergreen's.

Enter Evergreen, *and* David.

David. Sir, a ſhentleman is without, and has creat occaſions to ſpeak to you.

Everg. Did I not ſay—— [*angrily.*]

David. Cot a mercy! I tolt him you ſait ſo; and he ſait you would ſee *him*—He is your cotſon from Leyton.

Everg.

Everg. Godſon! What, Harry Bellair? Hah! [*looking through the wing.*] it is him, ſure enough.—Harry! come in, Harry! [*Enter* Bellair.] Why, you rogue you, how long have you been return'd from Leyden? and how can you have the impudence to be grown thus tall and big? Hark ye! take care you forget that I was a greybeard at your chriſtening, you young dog you!

Bel. At leaſt I ſhall not be ſo malicious as to remember it on your *wedding-day*, which I am told is very near. [*ſmiling.*]

Everg. Hah! have you heard that? The devil's in this town for goſſiping. Formerly a man could do a ſnug thing in London, and the buſineſs as little known as though it were tranſacted on Penmanmaure—But now one's moſt private concerns are as public as the ſecrets of a prime miniſter.

Bel. Why ſhould ſo ſplendid an event as your marriage——

Everg. None of your jeers! What, I ſuppoſe, you expect to be introduced to my bride—I ſhan't do it. I ſhan't do it, godſon—There's your anſwer.

Bel. Then I ſhall be kinder than you; for I'll introduce you to mine—Nay, *before* ſhe is my bride; I'll intruſt her to your care in all her virgin charms.

Everg. No great compliment in that, perhaps. But are *you* going to be married then?

Bel. I hope ſo; but, to confeſs—it is a kind of a run-away buſineſs. I am this very night to carry off the lady, and I come now to ſolicit your permiſſion to bring her here.

Everg. With all my heart—with all my heart, Harry. But who is ſhe?—what is ſhe?—whence is ſhe?

Bel. She is a blooming girl, on the point of being decoy'd into marriage with a man old enough to be her grandfather, and dotard enough to believe that the enchanted circle of a wedding ring will conjure in her a blindneſs to his defects, and a paſſion for his wrinkles.

Everg. Hay! [*dryly*] Why there are ſome prudent girls,

girls, Mr. Bellair, who have no objection to a huſband a little on the down hill of life.

Bel. Oh, I beg your pardon! I am ſure I did not mean to inſinuate that—that— What is he going to marry a prudent *girl?* [*aſide.*]

Everg. Well but—gad, 'tis laughable too. Ha, ha! How old is the little tit?

Bel. Of that delightful age which women term childiſh, and which girls think *womaniſh*;—ſhe is the niece of an eminent phyſician; and the man, to whom he is going to marry her, is a ſuperannuated peer.

Everg. [*aſide.*] Hell and devils! But ſtay—there are more old fools than I.——The name, Sir;—the Doctor's name?

Bel. Feelove;—and his lovely niece is Arabella Melville. [*Evergreen ſtrides about, whiſtling.*]

Everg. I have a red hot iron in my liver. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Why do you whiſtle, Sir?

Everg. Oh, nothing, nothing. 'Tis a droll ſtory you tell me—that's all. And pray how did you get acquainted with the young woman?

Bel. I ſaw her with her uncle in Hyde-Park—was ſtruck with the air of innocence, and *enquiry* that diſtinguiſhed her—followed the carriage—learnt that ſhe was juſt brought from Cornwall, to be married to a gouty Lord—introduced myſelf as a patient—robb'd the niece of her heart, and let the uncle rob me of my guineas.

Everg. Well done, uncle Toby!—wiſe uncle Toby! Gad, there's ſomething very odd in all this! And you are going to carry her off to-night?

Bel. Certainly.

Everg. And you wiſh to bring her here?

Bel. Ardently.

Everg. Well, I ſhall take it d—d ill, if you carry her any where elſe.

Bel. There is not another houſe in London I would truſt her in.

Everg. Bring her! bring her away! I'll take as much care of the little rogue, as though it was my own affair.

Bel. How ſhall I thank——

Everg.

Everg. Oh, you'll know what thanks to pay me in a day or two.—Go, my dear Harry!

Bel. Your eagerneſs charms me. [*Going.*

Everg. Go—go—go! [*puſhing him out.*]—Ha, ha, ha! —Oh! oh! oh! I could cry heartily on one ſide, but the other won't let me for laughing. Now, which ſhall I do? Oh, a ſly gypſey! Oh, a d—d old fool of a Doctor! That he ſhould bring her a gallant!—that ſhe ſhould conſent to run off with him!—and that he ſhould humbly ſolicit to put her under my wing!!!— Well, it ſhall all work together for good. Inſtead of the *Lord*, may I be *Goat* of Penmanmoure, if this ſhan't be a means of ſqueezing me another five thouſand out of Feelove. I have it working here—'tis working here. David! David! [*Exit, calling his man.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

[Miſs Archer *diſcovered with a Harp, on which ſhe ſtrikes a few notes. A rapping is heard—ſhe riſes with precipitation.*]

Miſs Archer.

MY ſweet harp, I muſt abandon thee! That rap announces my ſatyriſt. Ha, ha! now I really wonder, though I wiſh to ſee *him*, how he can look *me* in the face:—he muſt be moſt ridiculouſly confuſed—trying at fifty aukward apologies. Oh, it is Miſs Juvenile—impatient, I ſuppoſe, to ſee the bard.

Enter Miſs Juvenile, *ſpeaking eagerly.*

Miſs Juv. Bleſs me, is he gone! I run away the moment we roſe from table. I would not have miſs'd him for the world.—Who would have expected him to be gone ſo ſoon? Not eight yet. [*Looking at her watch.*

Miſs Archer. Who, indeed? But people's fears, when they dread *great* misfortunes, are generally unruly. Why, my dear Ma'am, you'll be happy yet—The charming man who laſh'd me has *not* been here.

Miſs Juv. Oh, that's lucky! I do want much to ſee what ſort of a man he is.—She ſhan't know that I could tell her. [*Aſide.*

Miſs Archer. Oh, I can draw his picture, I am ſure, exactly. A great fat man, in a black coat, with twinkling eyes, and a prodigious length of profile—he makes amazing low bows—ſits down, with his hat reſting on his knees; and after wiping his face, ſtuffs his red and white pocket handkerchief in the crown of it.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Marvel Muſhroom, and another Gentleman. [*Exit.*

They

They enter——Carlton *ſpeaking without.*

Carl. Ha, ha, ha! my dear Sir Marvel, that was in the very firſt ſtyle. Do you know—Ladies, your moſt obedient! [*paſſing them with a ſliding bow*]—Do you know the very thing happened to me at Padua! Miſs Archer, I am happy to wait on you.—We were all in the Marchezza's box that night, when her huſband came from Paris—ſhe is extremely handſome; he *toute au contrarie!* but, notwithſtanding——

Marv. Bleſs me, can't you tell your ſtory afterwards? Let me introduce you to Miſs Archer. This, Madam, is the gentleman who had the honour to day to entertain the town with—with that little——

Carl. Oh, a mere trifle, not worth mentioning, Sir Marvel. Miſs Archer, I hear you have been a traveller; and that, when in Italy, they perſuaded you to viſit ſome of the Levant Iſlands. I wonder, when ſo far, your taſte did not carry you to Greece! You can conceive nothing ſo charming as the Grecian women!—nothing ſo intereſting as their ſtyle of living!—you would have found all Arcadia realiz'd.

Miſs Archer. Greece and Arcadia!—are theſe his apologies!—his aukward embarraſſments! [*Aſide.*

Carl. I endeavoured to perſuade a fair Greek, that the fate of my countrywomen was happier than theirs.——"Oh, it is impoſſible," ſaid ſhe; "their liberty makes them *capricious*, and their power over the men *aſſuming*; they grow old in planning new conqueſts, and, alive *only* to the pleaſure of admiration, ſeldom taſte the exquiſite bliſs of true paſſion." I felt the force of her obſervation, and could not help confeſſing that it *was poſſible* for a handſome Engliſh woman to border on the ridiculous.

Miſs Juv. [*Aſide*] So that's tolerably home.

Miſs Archer. [*Aſide*] I am petrified! he talks with as much ſelf-poſſeſſion as he would to a maiden aunt—no bearing this!

Miſs Juv. So you will not know me, Mr. Carlton?

Carl. Miſs Juvenile!—'tis no wonder I did not immediately recollect you in that dreſs, when I left you in a white frock. I ſaw your brother well at Vienna. You play, Miſs Archer. I am charm'd that you

you prefer the harp—'tis ſo graceful for the lady—ſo advantageous for the voice.

Marv. [*In a pet*] Why 'tis downright jingle!—a wooden cymbal is a better thing! I thought to have heard nothing but what concern'd my ver——I mean your verſes; and here you have whiſk'd us to Padua, then to Greece, then we had a ſwing to Vienna in Turkey, and now we muſt have a Canterbury tale about the merits of the Welſh harp. Why, I tell you, Miſs Archer, *this* is the gentleman.

Miſs Juv. Yes, Miſs Archer, *this* is the gentleman! who travelled all over Europe, to qualify himſelf to write an epigram on you; I think he might have managed the matter without going ſo far for his writ.

Marv. If he got his wit far off, you muſt allow it touches *home*.

Miſs Juv. Yes;—I allow it is *homely* wit.

Miſs Archer. Heavens! how could this man! [*aſide*] Miſs Juvenile means to be ſevere upon you, Sir, but don't be diſheartened. When you have done with me, you'll find a number of innocent, unprotected characters, who at no other expence than a private *heart-ache*, may be ſecurely offered up victims to your muſe.

Carl. Oh, Madam, I diſclaim all connection with the muſes—nothing inſpires me but the ſubject.

Miſs Juv. You were happy in the choice of a ſubject to day; was he not, my dear? Have you the paper about you, Sir Marvel?

Marv. Yes, to be ſure—here it is.

[*Offering it to Miſs Juvenile.*

Carl. Pardon me! I am not yet ſo harden'd a writer, as to ſtand the reading of my own works. [*Snatches the paper with anger and puts it in his pocket.*

Miſs Archer. [*Aſide*] Now, would I give the world to know, if that is in compaſſion to his own feelings, or to mine.

Miſs Juv. Bleſs me, Sir! not hear your own works! Why, it is what every body does, and read 'em too.

Marv. Aye, to be ſure—the ladies carry theirs about in their netting caſes, and the men in their tooth-pick caſes.

Miſs

Miſs Juv. Yes, indeed ;—we learn thoſe kind of works now, like every other, at boarding ſchool. I, myſelf, have written five odes, ſeven epigrams, and an elegy on an old turkey cock. Come, read, Mr. Carlton—you'll give your ſatire new points.

Carl. Theſe wretches will force me to ſpoil my plan, by their cruelty to the lovely ſufferer. [*Aſide.*

Miſs Archer. May I be permitted to aſk, how I came to have the honour of your poetical notice ?—Did I ever offend you ?

Carl. Never, Madam ! with reſpect to me, you have been perfectly harmleſs.

Miſs Archer. Would I had not ! for the firſt time in my life I *wiſh* to do miſchief. [*Aſide.*

Carl. I never had the honour of your acquaintance ; and have ſeen you but ſeldom in public ; but laſt ſpring I particularly remember, at the Pantheon.

Miſs Archer. That's well ! *particularly* remember ! [*Aſide.*

Carl. It was impoſſible to forget it ;—you had in your party ſo lovely a girl ! Bright blue eyes, flaxen treſſes, elegant ſhape, modeſt——

Miſs Archer. [*Impatiently*] What has all this to do with your ſatire on me, Sir ? Why have you taken pains to repreſent me to the world in ſo odious a light ?

Carl. Faith, Madam, one does many things without reflection. I happened to be in the humour to write—Your name occurred—The thing was done—My friends liked it—They would have it appear. I'll give you leave to abuſe me with fifty times the wit.

Marv. Fifty times as much wit ! gad ! I don't know where ſhe'd find it.

Miſs Archer. Then you do not think me, Sir, ſo very—I underſtand you do not think me ſo extremely odious and frightful ! [*In great confuſion.*

Carl. Oh, that ſubmiſſive look ! ſuch another will bring me at her feet, and then I am undone. [*Aſide.*

Miſs Juv. Do you hear, Mr. Carlton ? is the lady ſo very odious, and frightful ?

Carl. Frightful ! Oh, no, Madam. The lady is very well—I wiſh I had abated a point or two in my epigram. She is tolerably fair, not a very bad ſhape,

ſhape, and, upon the whole, a——a moſt bewitching creature. [*Aſide.*

Miſs Arch. Bleſs me, Sir, do you think I can ſtand here to be analyzed in this manner? Pardon me, if I ſay you ſcarcely keep within the line of good manners. I did not expect—not that I care—I would not have you think that—that——I can bear it no longer. [*Burſts into tears, and exits.*

Carl. Oh, thoſe tears! that I could catch them, and bury them in my heart! [*Aſide, looking after her.*

Miſs Juv. Ha, ha, ha!—well, ſhe's finely mortified. My dear Mr. Carlton, I have the moſt extreme favour to beg of you.

Carl. Madam. [*Bowing.*

Miſs Juv. You have intereſt with the news-papers—I have ſome very elegant, ſpirited things, and ſhall be prodigiouſly obliged, if you'll get 'em in for me.

Carl. My dear Ma'am, I really——

Miſs Juv. Nay, I will not be denied.

Marv. No, no,—don't deny the lady.

Miſs Juv. A word! [*Takes him aſide.*] I have one thing that would cut Sir Marvel to ſhivers.—If you will but get that one thing publiſhed. [*Aloud.*

Marv. Yes, yes, get that one thing publiſhed, by all means.

Carl. To oblige you, Sir Marvel.

Miſs Juv. Oh, charming!——I'll bring it to you myſelf to-morrow. Now I'll go to Miſs Archer, and tell her you are going home to compoſe another ſatire on her. [*Exit.*

Carl. Go, thou *thing!* and proſecute my heart's deareſt intereſts, whilſt you believe yourſelf only gratifying your girliſh ſpite!

Marv. In the midſt of all Miſs Archer's anger, ſhe does not pretend to deſpiſe the verſes.

Carl. Deſpiſe them! I deſign to make her acknowlege that they are the happieſt verſes that ever were written;—you have really very extraordinary talents.

Marv. Talents!—aye, but every body thinks he has talents now-a-days! as Homer ſays in the Rape of the Lock.

To wit each blockhead makes pretence;
Give *me* a little common ſenſe. [*Exit.*

Carl. Amen, Sir Marvel! [*Exit.*

Enter Evergreen *and* David.

Everg. Mighty pretty! mighty pretty! I can never come *in* to my houſe, but I am joſtled by two or three young fellows going *out* of it. Hark ye, Sir! In future when any body, male or female, aſks for Miſs Archer, ſay ſhe's not at home. If I can't get her out of the houſe, ſhe ſhall ſee nobody in it—that will ſurely do in the long run. She may live without a huſband, but to live without goſſipping, without flatterers, without all the *he and ſhe* family of nonſence, that I take to be impoſſible. D'ye mind me?

David. Yes ſure I to, Sir.

Everg. Well then, mind me again. Mr. Bellair will bring a lady here preſently—tell him I am outſent for by the Welch Committee, about the new linen manufactory;—but ſay I left ſtrict orders with the houſekeeper to take care of the lady.

David. Yes, I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Everg. Aye, aye—they are together by this time, driving to me, their only friend and guardian! ha, ha, ha! I ſaw the dog watching the door, and I ſaw him hold up a lantern——that was the ſignal, I ſuppoſe, ha, ha, ha!—Pretty creatures! Oh, I have them faſt—they have made a nooſe for their own necks. Of an *un*-fortunate man, I am ſurely the moſt fortunate that ever——

Bellair, *ſpeaking at the Door.*

At the committee, do you ſay?

[Evergreen *runs off without ſpeaking.*]

Bellair *enters*, *leading* Arabella.

Bel. My deareſt angel, 'tis unfortunate; but you are now in the houſe of Mr. Evergreen, and his protection will be of the moſt concluſive ſort, with reſpect to your reputation; and *your* reputation is now mine. Why do you ſigh?

Arab. I don't know—but I am afraid they'll take me from you again.

Bel.

Bel. Never; I ſwear by every thing ſacred, that I'll hold you to me as I would my life. I'll go directly down to the houſe to bring home my friend; I cannot bear that you ſhould be in this unguarded ſtate, and for many reaſons I ought not to remain with you.

Arab. Not remain with me! why are we not to be married?

Bel. Doubtleſs! and then we ſhall be inſeparable; but cuſtom ſays we muſt not be ſo 'till we are married.

Arab. Why, how will cuſtom know any thing about us?

Bel. Oh, there are a thouſand eyes upon us. Of what a nature is *innocence!* it invites its ruin, and the more pure it is, the nearer to deſtruction. [*Aſide.*

Arab. Well, if you muſt leave me, make haſte to return. How ſhall I amuſe myſelf in your abſence? Oh, here are ſome paintings. I love paintings dearly—I can look at them and make out whole converſations, between unhappy girls, and their croſs uncles, and fathers.

Bel. But look *now*, my angel, for another ſubject—ſearch for the portrait of a lover; fancy him telling the beauty he adores, that his whole life is devoted to her felicity;—fancy that I am that lover, and yourſelf the charming girl. [*kiſſing her hand*] Heaven guard thee! [*Exit.*

Arab. The *happy* girl, he ſhould have ſaid. Oh, I ſhall find no portrait here ſo charming as he is.

[*As ſhe is looking at the paintings*, Evergreen *enters, and ſtands in her way;——ſhe turns, and ſeeing him, ſhrieks.*]

Everg. How now, young woman! why ſo frightened?

Arab. Oh dear! oh dear!

Everg. How came you here, child—hey?

Arab. How—Oh goodneſs! how came you here?

Everg. Oh, I am intimate here—I make as free as though I were at home.

Arab. Indeed!——Oh, he'll go and tell my uncle where to find me. What ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Everg. Oh, Bell! Bell! have I not always told you to beware of young men? have I not told you that they are all made up of deceit and lies?

Arab. Yes, you have told me ſo, but I don't believe you. And you told me that I was made on purpoſe to be your wife, and that I don't believe neither.

Everg. Indeed! why, who then are you made for?

Arab. Somebody.

Everg. Yes, but not for the body you think of, my pretty Bell. Oh, you little gooſe you! why this was a ſcheme plan'd between Bellair and me. This is my houſe; and he has brought you here, to deliver you ſolely into my power.

Arab. Oh, what a ſtory! how can you ſay ſuch falſe things? he'd die before he'd put me in your power.

Everg. Would he ſo? why I have been in his ſecret the whole time. I know of his ſham ſickneſs to impoſe on your wife uncle, and of his perſuading you that he had a godfather, under whoſe care he would place you. I know of the ſignal of the dark lantern, and every particular about ye—Now what do you think of *young men?*

Arab. Think! oh merciful! I could not have believ'd that in all the world there had been ſuch——

Everg. Aye, *now*, are they not deceitful monſters? and Bellair in particular, is he not—tell me? [*ſnatching her hand*] is he not the worſt of men?—a moſt cruel villain?

Arab. What for putting me in your power?

Everg. No, no, no,—I mean for—Gad ſhe had me!

Arab. Yes, it is very cruel indeed. I think *now* I could hate him. Oh, I wiſh he would come, that I might tell him how I hate him!

Everg. Aye, but he won't come—or, if he does, it will be to no purpoſe; he ſhall never ſee you more, my pretty Bell, till you are my wife.

Arab. If I was ſure it would make him miſerable, I could almoſt determine to be your wife—and yet I would rather die.

Everg. Oh, you ungrateful baggage! ſo much love ſo much tenderneſs as I have thrown away upon you!

Arab. It's very ſtrange! I would help it if I could, but indeed I cannot. He who has been ſo cruel, I cannot hate; and you, who have been ſo kind I cannot love.

Everg. I am much obliged t'ye, Ma'am, for your confidence.

Arab. Why ſhould I deceive you?—you think Mr. Bellair very wicked in deceiving me, and pretending to love me, when he did not. I will not pretend to love you; if I did, you ought to think me a very wicked girl.

Everg. So, ſo, ſo. Well, Ma'am, with regard to the matter of love, we'll ſettle that hereafter;—perhaps we are more even *there* than you think for—but, at preſent, I have other buſineſs in hand. Here, Mrs. Jones, [*Enter Houſekeeper*] take care of this young lady;—tempt her to eat if you can, and if you cannot, put her to bed ſupperleſs.

Arab. Muſt I go to bed without ſeeing Mr. Bellair, to reproach him.

Everg. *I'll* reproach, when the time comes, never fear; but he ſhan't enter theſe doors to night. Go, Mrs. Jones—go! [*Exeunt.*] Now will I to my Doctor; by this time he is apprized of his loſs; and I'll ſee him poiſon'd before I'll tell him where ſhe is. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! [*Exit with an air of enjoyment.*

Enter Miſs Archer, *leading* Arabella.

Miſs Arch. Go down, Mrs. Jones, *I'll* comfort the young lady. My ſweet girl, who are ye? what is the occaſion of this extreme diſtreſs.

Arab. Oh, Ma'am, you ſeem good-natured, and I'll tell ye. Mr. Bellair has betray'd me, and Lord Penmanmaur is determined to marry me.

Miſs Arch. Who are theſe people?—I never heard their names.

Arab. Dear!—why this muſt be a very large houſe then, for Lord Penmanmaur lives in it; and Mr. Bellair I run away with, to marry—but I don't know where he lives.

Miſ

Miſs Arch. Heavens! run away with a man to marry him, and not know where he lives! why, my dear, he may be a deceiver.

Arab. Yes, ſo he is, a very great deceiver; for he brought me here to Lord Penmanmaur, and call'd him Mr. Evergreen;—and now he won't marry me himſelf, and wants to force me to marry the old Lord. [*Weeping.*

Miſs Arch. Lord Penmanmaur, and call'd him Evergreen! I don't know what to underſtand. But come, my love, you ſhall go with me to my dreſſing room, and we'll talk it over;—If you want an adviſer, you ſhall find a ſincere one in me. Her heart has an attachment, and it ſeems an unfortunate one—I know too well, now, how to pity her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Feelove's.

He enters in great agitation.

Feelove, *ſpeaking to a Servant without.*

Gone! gone! gone off! I can't believe it—'tis impoſſible. She knows noboby—ſpeaks to nobody. In all this vaſt town there cannot be a houſe open to her. And here have I been ſent on a fool's errand to Hampſtead, where every body is in health—not a ſoul ſick from the top of the Heath, to Mother Red Caps. But *ſhe* can't be gone off!

Enter Evergreen.

Everg. Aye, here's a fine pill for ye, Doctor!—here's a bitter potion! Whilſt you have been running after an old woman's ſciatica at Hampſtead, your niece has been running away with a young man.

Feelove. What are we to do? Why do we ſtand here? Why don't we go in ſearch of her? [*Running about.*

Everg. Search of her!—where? where are we to go? And if we find her, what then? who d'ye think is to take your tarniſh'd plate off your hands? *We*, indeed! 'tis all *your* affair, now Doctor; I waſh my hands on't entirely.

Feelove.

Feelove. What do you mean? Why, is ſhe not contracted to you?

Everg. Contracted to me—yes, in a ſtate of unblemiſhed reputation.

Feelove. Her reputation is yet unblemiſhed, Sir.

Everg. Yes, but it won't be ſo to-morrow morning—the firſt ſun beams will ſee the flies upon it, and by noon it will be ſtale—ſtale, Doctor!

Feelove. Come, come, Sir! this is going too far;—you are too violent in your conjectures;—after all it may be but a girl's frolic——ſtray'd to ſome toyſhop, or confectioner's, perhaps.

Everg. Toyſhop! or confectioner's! [*contemptuouſly*] What, then, you have not found out, all this time, that ſhe is really run off with a young fellow, and who her gallant is! whu! have I that news to tell you? come, Doctor, prepare for a ſurprize—looſen your neckcloth, take off your wig, ſlacken all your ligatures, and ſit down for a fit.

Feelove. [*Angrily.*] Slacken your wit, Sir! you are too jocoſe on the ſubject of a young lady's reputation.

Everg. Young *lady*'s reputation! there are more reputations than her's at ſtake, I promiſe ye;—the reputation of a wiſe man—a *Doctor*'s reputation, will become the tennis ball of all the wits in town in a few hours. Oh, Doctor, Doctor! where did you take up your diploma for diſcretion?

Feelove. Sir! there is no bearing———

Everg. Yes, but there is—Hark ye! I ſhall make ye, in one minute, as mute as the buſt of old Galen in your ſtudy. This great, impudent, roaring, debauch'd fellow, who has carried off your niece without let or hindrance, is the poor puling patient, who was brought to your houſe every day for the benefit of the park air; and whom you have pronounced to be beyond the ſkill of all the phyſicians in Europe, to keep out of a winding ſheet.——Now, Doctor, you find there are more reputations than your niece's at ſtake.

Feelove. A malicious invention of your own—ſheer malice!——That poor young gentleman is in a ſtate, and I will prove it, to make it impoſſible for him to recover. The morbid matter *(ſpeaking very eagerly)* hourly

hourly increaſes; the viſcera do not perform their functions—ſecretion is deſtroyed—the thorax inflamed, the——

Everg. I tell you he is run away with your niece.

(Feelove *continues to ſpeak without regarding the other's interruptions.*]

I tell you, Sir, that ſuch an attack on my character (*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—a man of my experience, Mr. Evergreen—(*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—I who am acknowledged by every apothecary within the bills of mortality—(*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—[*Going off, the other following*]—I who am call'd to every capital conſultation—(*I tell you he is run away with your niece*)—I whoſe practice has been ſo ſingularly ſucceſsful—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Bellair's *Lodgings.*

Enter Bellair *and* Carlton.

Bel. My dear Carlton, congratulate me!

Carl. Congratulate *me!*

Bel. I have carried off my prize.

Carl. I have been with Miſs Archer.

Bel. I have ſafely lodged her in the houſe of a friend.

Carl. I have ſeen the moſt tender melancholy in her air.

Bel. I have ſeen love light up all her features; and have preſſed my Arabella to my heart.

Carl. I have preſs'd Miſs Archer to mine too, in idea; and my hopes tell me, that it will not be *only* in idea. I am now convinced of her ſenſibility, and adore her. But where is your Arabella?

Bel. At the friend's I mentioned. Not being able to find him at Weſtminſter, I called at his houſe in my return, and have been aſſured that the dear girl herſelf, Mr. Evergreen, and all the family, are retired to reſt.

Carl. Evergreen! he's Miſs Archer's guardian—ſhe lives in his houſe.

Bel. Then our Miſtreſſes are under the ſame roof—that's moſt fortunate!

Carl.

Carl. It is indeed; for two girls talking to each other of the men they love, will do more for us in a day, than we could for ourſelves in a week.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Doctor Feelove. [*Exit.*

Bel. Doctor Feelove! Oh, all the demons of miſchance!

Carl. Can he have made the diſcovery ſo ſoon?

Enter Feelove.

Feelove. [*Speaking as he enters.*] A villain to attempt thus to undermine my reputation. Gentlemen,—I have been inſulted ſo groſsly, that I can hardly compoſe myſelf, to tell you the cauſe of my unſeaſonable viſit—but—if—in one word, how is my poor patient—how is Mr. Bellair?

Bel. Sir! Mr. Bellair—Sir!—

Carl. He does not know ye—fear nothing.

Bel. Are you ſure of that?

Feelove. My patient, Sir———good gentlemen, ſpeak! how is my patient?

Bel. Your patient, Sir, is as well as a patient can be, who is out of the reach of his d—d Doctor. No further occaſion for aſſes milk, ſtimulatives, balſamics, or coolers.

Carl. Alas, poor Doctor!—no more fees! he has given you the *go-by* fairly. Is it not a ſhame that a man of your proweſs in the fields of Galen, ſhould not be able to conquer ſuch a pitiful hectic as drove him out of the world? why, a phyſician ought to have the diſeaſes at his call, and whiſtle them on and off, as a huntſman does his hounds.

Bel. Aye, 'twas a crying ſin, to let ſuch a ſpirited fine young fellow to be kick'd out of life by a raſcally little feveret! An old woman would have cured him; but ſuch an obſtinate confidence in the ſkill of the renown'd Doctor Feelove! He died full of reſentment, and his laſt words were—"Toſs the Doctor in a blanket."

Feelove. I can forgive that—I can forgive that—but I can't forgive your illiberality, Sir. An old wo-

man cure him! It was not in the power of all the phyſicians between London and the Alps to cure him;—not an herb, gum, wood, or fungus in the whole medicopeia, that could have given him breath two days longer.

Bel. 'Tis falſe, Sir—Bring the blanket!

Feelove. I could not bear this treatment, Sir, but that the extreme ſatisfaction I have in Mr. Bellair's death——

Bel. Satisfaction!

Feelove. Yes, Sir. My reputation, my character, demanded that he ſhould die.——I would not have had him alive to-morrow morning for a thouſand pound fee.

Bel. This is amazing.

Feelove. Why, Sir, there is a vile ſtory in circulation, which, if true, would ſink me beneath the loweſt med'cine grinder—beneath a mixer of eggs and turpentine—beneath the cork in a julep bottle; nothing leſs than that Bellair is in perfect health, and ſo alive to youth and beauty, as to have run away with my niece——they ſay *that!*

Carl. What is there this world will not ſay! By all the honour of Phyſic, he has a doſe in his pocket to have ſecured his reputation, had he found thee alive!

Bel. [*Apart*] We'll ſearch him, and make him ſwallow it. But have you then loſt the young lady?—is ſhe gone?

Feelove. Gone, Sir—abſolutely gone; but as my poor patient is gone too, I am in ſome meaſure reconciled to that event. But, bleſs me, Sir, you are vaſtly like him—a man more liable to be impoſed on might take ye both for the ſame perſon;—the ſame voice, and the ſame features, only freſher and plumper.

Bel. Oh, oh—What you have found me out, Doctor? Why, I am his brother—your poor patient's younger brother,—and I ſhould break my heart for his death, only the dog has left me a clear eſtate of two thouſand a year, to buy weepers. In ſhort, Doctor, I greatly fear'd your ſkill would preſerve him, and if it had——

Feelove.

Feelove, Preſerve him! you might as well have expected my ſkill in phyſic to have preſerved the French bank from breaking.

Bel. Well, notwithſtanding my affected petulance at your entrance, I am highly gratified that Bellair is where he is—and I'll recommend you to all my friends and acquaintance. But I wonder the loſs of your niece ſits ſo lightly, my little Hippocrates,

Feelove. Oh, Sir, I have a great heart—a prodigious great heart! its feelings are for the faculty. A girl may run away from an uncle without reproach to him; but when a patient runs away from the ſentence of his phyſician, the reputation of the doctor muſt ſoon run after him.

Carl. Happily *our* patient knew his duty better; —and ſo, as we are now three very happy fellows, let us e'en adjourn to the Star and Garter, and live the evening like *bon vivants*.

Feelove. With all my heart;—and egad, gentlemen, I am ſo offended with the inſolence of a certain perſon, whom I will not name, that if you'll diſcover my niece, I'll give her to ye, with a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds. The odd ten I'll ſtick to. [*Aſide.*

Bel. Hah! ſay ye ſo? If I diſcover her, ſhall ſhe be my reward?

Feelove. That ſhe ſhall.

Bel. May I rely on your promiſe.

Feelove. With as much confidence, as on the ſymptom of a fever. I would give her to a rincer of gallipots, rather than the perſon I had engaged her to;——to a pill vender—to a mountebank.

Bel. Bravo, Doctor! keep to that, and we'll diſcover her enchanted caſtle, never fear!

Carl. That we will. Allons! let us ſacrifice to Bacchus to-night, and to-morrow to Eſculapius, and Fortune. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, Feelove's.

Enter Feelove, *followed by a Servant.*

Feelove.

NOTHING of my niece this morning! Oh, may that raſcal, who cheated me yeſterday to Hampſtead, never get rid of his wife till he is ſeventy-ſix; and then, for his farther puniſhment, may he grow rich, and fall in love!

Serv. May I be ſo bold, Sir—is that a curſe?

Feelove. A curſe! why, can there be greater, than for a man to fall into riches, when he has neither time nor faculties to enjoy them; and to fall in love, whilſt he is falling into his grave? If they are *bleſſings*, may they be the lot of knaves, and cowards, and quacks! Bring me the ſlate, that I may ſee where I am to go.

Enter Evergreen.

Everg. Go! why go to find your niece, to be ſure. Have you heard nothing from her yet?

Feelove. No. [*Surlily.*]

Everg. Come, how much will you add now to the fifteen thouſand, if I ſhould diſcover, and bring her t'ye?

Feelove. Nothing.

Everg. What! conſider what you ſay?

Feelove. I do conſider what I ſay?

Everg. How! if I diſcover your niece, drag her from her ſeducer, and in that ſtate of her reputation take her off your hands, and make her *Miſtreſs* Evergreen—what will you not throw in five thouſand for that?

Feelove. No, *Miſter* Evergreen—not five guineas—not

—not five ſhillings—not a ſingle half-crown. Oh, how I could mortify him now, by telling him Bellair is dead!

Everg. Here! here's an unreaſonable man! So then, if I diſcover and marry her, I am to have only fifteen thouſand pounds!—Oh Lord! oh Lord!

Feelove. Fifteen thouſand pounds! why you ſhan't have her at all. Fifteen thouſand pounds! If I thought my niece would ever look upon thee, or ever think of thee as a huſband, I'd put fifteen thouſand pounds in each pocket, drive to Graveſend, and leap into the ſea to diſappoint thee.

Everg. Why, we'd have you up again, if you did—we'd empty your pockets, I warrant you. Riches are no more ſafe now in the bottom of the ſea, than a rainbow is in the clouds. Neither earth, ſea, or air, in this happy age, can keep their ſecrets from us; and I have no doubt but ſome bold adventurer in the next, will find out a way to live in fire; or dart from continent to continent, like Milton's angels, on a condens'd ſun-beam.

Feelove. That may be poſſible; but for you to marry my niece, with my conſent, is impoſſible.

Everg. What, are in you in earneſt?

Feelove. In earneſt—aye, as earneſt as *you* was in your abuſe of me laſt night. *Smoke the Doctor*, I ſuppoſe, was the word. You love a joke, old friend; ſo do I; and mine ſhall coſt leſs than your's—ſo good morning t'ye! I ſhall preſcribe another huſband for my niece, depend on't. [*Exit.*

Everg. Say you ſo, my old boy? Why then I muſt play a game I did not think of—I muſt *ſecure* the young woman till you can be brought to alter your preſcription. I have made a pretty meſs here! 'Gad, though I love a joke, I did not think I was buying mine at the dear rate of fifteen thouſand pounds—Dangerous joking with doctors I find. Well, well, a wiſe man may fall into miſtakes as well as a fool; but a *wiſe man* will find a way to remedy them. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Evergreen's.

Miſs Archer *enters with* Arabella.

Miſs Arch. I am charm'd to ſee you ſo well this morning. Has Lord Penmanmaur viſited you?

Arab. Oh, yes; and he left me to go to my uncle's; but I made him promiſe not to tell that I am here.

Miſs Arch. You did not hint that you knew him to be Mr. Evergreen.

Arab. Oh, no—I will do nothing but what you bid me. I ſhould be eaſy now, could I but ſee Mr. Bellair, to vent my anger, and to tell him how I hate him.

Miſs Arch. Have a care, my dear girl! you wiſh to ſee him, I have no doubt; but ſhould he appear, you'd forget your *motives* for that wiſh.

Arab. Oh, never! was there ever ſo baſe—ſo—

Miſs Arch. Never, I acknowledge it; yet, ſhould he invent any plauſible excuſe, your greedy ear would ſwallow it all. May I not judge her from myſelf? Should Mr. Carlton form excuſes, where would my reſentments be? [*Aſide.*

Enter Evergreen, *ſpeaking at the wing.*

Everg. So! there's Satan at the ear of Eve. [*Aſide*]. Did I not deſire, Miſs Archer, that you would hold no correſpondence with this young Lady?

Miſs Arch. Yes, my dear Guardian, and therefore I made a point of ſeeing her, and giving her a little ſiſterly advice. She knows by this time how to deceive your vigilance on common occaſions, and on uncommon ones I have promiſed to aſſiſt her.

Everg. Aſſiſt her (*contemptuouſly*) Well, Miſs Melville, are you prepar'd to meet your uncle?

Arab. Oh dear! is he coming!

Everg. How he gained knowledge of your being here, I know not, unleſs it is from your falſe Bellair; but he ſwears vengeance—a garret and water-gruel are the leaſt of his threats.

Arab. Oh, Miſs Archer! what will become of me?

Everg. What ſignifies appealing to her? Miſs Archer

Archer, indeed! I have contrived what is to become of you; for I would not deliver my little Bell up to her uncle in his preſent fury for a dukedom, and to conceal you from him *here* will be impoſſible; I have therefore a chaiſe ready at the door, to carry you a few miles out of town.

Miſs Arch. Out of town!

Everg. Yes, Madam—or in town, or where I pleaſe—you won't preſume to interfere, I hope.

Miſs Arch. I hope Miſs Melville will refuſe to go.

Everg. Let her at her peril! ſhe is my affianc'd wife; my wife betroth'd—I have perfect right over her. Go you, Madam, to your apartment, and leave her to my care. [*Exit.*

Miſs Arch. My dear girl, never go with him; who knows where he may carry you!

Arab. What can I do? I fear to go with *him*, and I am terrified to death at the thoughts of ſeeing my uncle.

Enter Evergreen, *with a long white ſtuff Cloak, and large Hood.*

Everg. Here, here's a Welch riding-cloak, that belonged to a tall, meagre aunt of mine; 'tis a little too long, I believe; but it will conceal you the better. Put it on, and pull the hood over, that your face mayn't be ſeen. Nay, don't be reſtive, Miſs (*throwing it looſely over her*): put it on, whilſt I repleniſh my purſe. [*Exit.*

Arab. Oh my dear Lady, what ſhall I do?

Miſs Arch. My ſweet Girl, how can I aſſiſt you? What an arbitrary wretch! I am full of grief for you—What has not this Bellair to anſwer for?

[*They weep over each other, retiring back.*

Enter Sir Marvel.

Marv. I muſt give up Hyde Park this morning—I'd be ſworn Carlton will be here, and I am determined to make one in their *tête-à-tête*. Hey, hey! why, Ladies!

Miſs Arch. [*turning*] Oh, Sir Marvel!

Marv.

Marv. And weeping too! Dionyſius-like—no, Niobe-like, all tears.

Miſs Arch. A thought ſtrikes me—you can aſſiſt us. My guardian is going to hurry this young lady out of town, we know not where.

Marv. Aye, I ſaw the chaiſe at the door—ſhall I go and break the axle, or ſhoot the horſes?

Miſs Arch. No, no—put on this cloak [*taking it from the ground*]—ride with him a few miles, then turn upon him, and terrify him to death. I ſuppoſe your vis-a-vis is waiting; I'll uſe it, to convey her out of his reach—inſtantly—inſtantly!

Marv. Stop! [*when the cloak is half on*] Hold! I will not be envelop'd in this new faſhion'd chemiſe—how could I be ſuch a good natured fool? Have you not repuls'd me, Madam—diſdain'd me?

Miſs Arch. Oh, my dear Sir Marvel! conſider, 'tis for this young lady—ſhe has not repuls'd you.

Marv. I'm at one word—off it goes, unleſs you'll promiſe to receive me on terms.

Miſs Arch. Oh heavens! I—I——I'll do better; I'll introduce you on terms to the pretty widow, Lady Beauville—ſhe's juſt becoming the rage—'twill be infinite eclat——ſhe had all the men in the pit about her t'other night at the opera.

Marv. On with it! we are upon honour—you ſhall carry me there to-morrow.

Miſs Arch. To-night——any time. Come, Miſs Melville! [*Snatching her hand*] [*Exeunt.*

Marv. So here am I going, Jupiter knows where, caſed up like the Trojans in a wooden horſe, or like ——but here comes my raviſher.

Enter Evergreen, *tying up his purſe.*

Everg. Oh, what Madam has left you! Aye, ſhe's a bad girl, Bell—a bad girl! never heed her! Come, don't cry, that's a good girl!—Devil take the ſtring! Hide your face though as much as you will—that's right, pull the hood cloſer, for who knows but the Doctor may come athwart us, to ſome *Hampſtead* patient or other? Come, now I am ready. Come, I ſay!

ſay! [*Takes Sir Marvel's hand, who goes a ſtep or two, and then ſtops.*] Why d'ye ſtop, child—go you muſt and ſhall, ſo loitering will have no effect, but to make me angry. Come, I ſay—nay, if you will be pull'd, you ſhall be pull'd [*Pulls and puſhes him.*] Zounds! you are ſtrong, Bell; I have heard that the Corniſh girls can wreſtle, and I fancy you have practis'd the ſport. Nay, if you are for that, Miſs—here, David, come and help to pull this young lady into the chaiſe.

Enter David.

David. [*Pulling*] Cot a mercy, Sir! I can't make hur ſtir a petty-toe.

Everg. Give her a pinch on the arm.

[*David pinches:*

Marv. Zounds! let me alone—I will not go, by Jupiter!

David. [*Flying off.*] What is it, Sir—it muſt be the tevil in a planket.

Everg. [*ſurpris'd*] What is it? why, a great country hoydor—they'll ſwear and romp at home, like fifty grenadiers, and when they come to town, they mince their words, and mince their ſteps, as though they could utter nothing but monoſyllables, or ſtep above two inches. Come, we'll have t'other tug, Miſs——

Marv. Will you? [*Raiſes the hood, and looks, firſt at one, then at the other*]. Now, Mr. Evergeen, we'll have a tug, or a wreſtle, or what you pleaſe.

Everg. Oh, that devil Miſs Archer! this muſt be her contrivance—Where are they, where are they?

[*Runs towards the door.*

Marv. Where? why, they are in the mode, that's all—emigrating. No, you don't paſs this ſtraight—you don't indeed; I'll defend it as the Africans did Thermopylæ.

Everg. *You*, Sir! how dare you take this liberty in my houſe?

Marv. Come, Sir, don't be obſtreperous: if you are, I'll clothe *you* in the riding-hood and cram you into the poſt-chaiſe, as you would have done me; you won't play the Corniſh romp as manfully as I did.

Everg. Sir, this inſolence— [*Endeavouring to paſs.*

Marv.

Marv. Nay, if you will have a tug, you ſhall have a tug—[*Scuffle to get on the cloak, Evergreen gets off at laſt.*] Here, then, I remain conqueror; but whether the game is Olympic, Iſthmian, or Iriſh, I know not. But Lady Beauville!—to be enrol'd in her ſuit, and in the Mennil hunt, is all that remains to eſtabliſh me—fate can do no more! Miſs Archer will now be a friend indeed! Oh, Pylades, as Juvenal ſays, what's life without a friend?—it's a dumpling without egg. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Carlton's *Lodgings.*

Enter Miſs Archer *and* Arabella, *followed by a Maid.*

Miſs Arch. Tell Mrs. Tomſon, pray, that I am here. Come, cheer up, my love; now we are ſafe;—that dear Sir Marvel has obliged me for ever.

Enter Mrs. Tomſon.

Mrs. Tomſon. My dear young Lady!

Miſs Arch. My good Mrs. Thomſon, this lady wiſhes to have an apartment here for a few days—Can you accommodate her?

Mrs Tomſon. Oh, yes, Ma'am.

Miſs Arch. I congratulate you, Miſs Melville; you will be here perfectly at eaſe.

Arab. Not unleſs you give ſome charge about Mr. Evergreen. The dread of ſeeing him will keep me in perpetual diſquiet.

Miſs Arch. You know my Guardian——On no pretence admit him, whilſt Miſs Melville is in your houſe.

Mrs. Tomſon. I ſhall take care, Madam.

Miſs Arch. Then adieu! I muſt hurry back inſtantly, leſt he ſhould ſend to watch the carriage;—but you ſhall ſee me again in half an hour.

Arab. Oh dear! I am ſo ſorry that you muſt leave me! I love you already better than any body except —— I mean, I love you better than *every* body.

Miſs Arch. I comprehend ye, my Love—adieu! [*Goes with her to the wing.* Carlton *enters.*]

Carl.

Carl. Angels! and miniſters of grace! Miſs Archer!

Miſs Arch. Mr. Carlton!

Carl. [*Aſide*] Come to ſeek me in my lodgings! By Heaven, this is too much! Oh, oh, now then one knows how to catch a coquette. How charm'd I am to ſee you.

Miſs Arch. How could you think of following me here, Sir?

Carl. [*Aſide*] That's well put. Follow you here! I'd follow ye all over the globe. Now don't put on that cold look—It neither becomes the face nor the occaſion.

Miſs Arch. [*Aſide*] His familiarity mortifies me even more than his ſatire. How can you have the preſumption, Sir——

Carl. My dear Madam, on ſome occaſions not to have preſumption would be ungrateful.—I ſhould really be aſhamed if at this moment I did not give you reaſon to believe that I have as much preſumption as any unmarried gentleman in town.

Miſs Arch. Intolerable! Why do you take ſuch liberties with me, Sir?

Carl. Why do you take ſuch liberties with me? You have taken the liberty to intrude yourſelf into my thoughts without my deſiring it; you have taken the liberty to obtrude yourſelf on my dreams—ſleeping or waking, I am never free from you. If I mean to be civil to another woman, your image pops itſelf before me, and ſteals the compliment for which ſhe was preparing her ſmiles——Talk of liberties, indeed!

Miſs Arch. How dares he treat me thus? The object of his ſatire in public, and of his jeſts in private! —I cannot bear it. [*Aſide.*

Carl. Bend your eyes on me, ſweet creature, that I may interpret them.

Miſs Arch. If by bending them on you, I could convey to you the ſentiments with which you have inſpired me, you ſhould have their moſt pointed glances.

Carl. [*Aſide.*] "The ſentiments I have inſpired!" Now, that, ſpoken in this apartment, muſt be taken as the beginning of a declaration—and it would be

be ſcandalous to be behind-hand. I aſſure you, Madam, I am extremely grateful to thoſe ſentiments, and beg to aſſure you, that mine for you are exactly what the moſt charming woman in the world ought to ſuppoſe them.

Miſs Arch. I don't know what *I* ought to ſuppoſe, Sir.

Carl. You ought to ſuppoſe that you are lovely, and that I have eyes:—you ought to ſuppoſe that you have a charming ſpirit, and that I have a heart:—you ought to ſuppoſe that you are captivating, and that I am your ſlave. Now how the devil have I been drawn in to make this *ruinous* confeſſion? [*Aſide.*

Miſs Arch. There is an air of ſincerity about you at this moment, that almoſt convinces me you do not deceive me; and I rejoice in it. I would have you love me, I would have you adore me—that your puniſhment may be ſevere; for if I could think on you with any ſentiments but thoſe of contempt, I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf. [*Ruſhes off*, Carlton *ſtaring after her.*

Carl. I congratulate ye, Mr. Carlton—I congratulate ye! Fallen into the very ſnare that, with all thy boaſted knowledge of the ſex, thou haſt laboured to avoid—truſted a *coquette* with thy paſſion, without firſt being aſſured that thou hadſt touch'd her heart. But who could have doubted, after a viſit at my lodgings?—P'ſhaw! [*ſtriking his forehead*] 'twas clearly to draw me in;—ſhe penetrated my deſign, and determined to ſhew me a poor, ridiculous, miſerable plotter. Well, I love her the better for that! Now will it be impoſſible for that Hyæna to do any one thing, *for* me or *againſt* me, but I ſhall love her the better for it. And how ſhall I be uſed?—worſe than a dog! But I'll have thee—Yes, by Heaven! thou dear, proud, bewitching ſlut, I'll have thee, ſpite of every artifice that coquetry and female *ſweetneſs* can deviſe.—'Faith, I'll go and tell her ſo now, in the very teeth of her malice. [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Evergreen's.

Enter Evergreen, *followed by* Bellair.

Everg. Don't make me mad—don't make me mad! I tell you I know no more where the girl is than you do.

Bel. Not know where ſhe is? Heaven! what can this mean? Did not I leave her under your protecting roof? Did not you aſſure me—

Everg. [*Interrupting*] Aſſure ye! what the devil ſignifies aſſurances, when the will of a woman is concerned? How could I gueſs that ſhe'd run away from my *protecting roof?*

Bel. This cannot ſatisfy me, Sir; you have an air of being *angry* at my enquiries, rather than *ſorry* for the occaſion of them.

Everg. Angry! ſo I am; d—d angry. Why, ſhe has run from *me*, not from *you*. Who cares about your concern?—What buſineſs have you with her?

Bel. Mr. Evergreen! [*In extreme aſtoniſhment.*

Everg. Aye; now here he is ſtaring—now we muſt have explanations. Why, then, in three words, your Bell is my Bell;—you carried her off to prevent her marriage with Lord Penmanmaur, and brought her to the houſe of Mr. Evergreen, who *is* Lord Penmanmaur.

Bel. Sir!

Everg. Aye—what! you can't comprehend yet?—all ſtare and wonder!

Bel. *You* that old Lord to whom my Arabella was to have been ſacrificed!

Everg. Aye—and you, to expedite the ſacrifice, brought her to the altar.

Bel. Is it poſſible? What, throw my dove into the talons of the hawk!—bring the lovely creature to the very houſe ſhe meant to fly from!—Oh, fool, fool! [*Traverſing the ſtage impatiently.*] *Now* then, old gentleman, I am to conſider you as my rival—every other tie is diſſolved; and as my rival, I inſiſt on your revealing where you have hid the lady?

Everg. Don't challenge me—don't think of challenging me, you blood-thirſty wretch—I will not be challenged.

challenged. 'Tis time ſome ſcheme were hit upon to ſave men of fortune from you duelling blades—We ought to be allowed to fight by proxy, as the militia do—I'd ſubſcribe an hundred guineas towards the corps, with all my heart.

Bel. I don't wiſh to challenge you, Sir; I am no dueliſt, but I *muſt* know where my Arabella is—I will kneel at your feet if—— ——

Everg. Tell you where ſhe is? I ſwear by the honour of an ancient Briton I do not know; and if I did know, I would not inform you—Tell you where *my* Arabella is!

Bel. I am frozen—Why did ſhe fly? Did ſhe not know that—But why do I ſtay queſtioning, when I ought to ſeek her? [*Ruſhes out.*

Everg. Nay, if you are for that, I'll ſeek her too—perhaps luck may for once favour ſixty, inſtead of ſix and twenty; and if *I* catch her, youngſter, I ſhall mind your ohs and ahs no more than the winds upon Snowdon——He won't challenge me, I believe. [*Exit.*

Bellair *re-enters, ſtealing in, as though fearful of being ſeen by* Evergreen.

Bel. I cannot believe but that ſhe is yet in this houſe—She could not ſurely fly from it; for, with her extreme inexperience, this town muſt appear a great gulph to her, in which her innocence would every moment be in danger of being loſt. [*Looking about.*] Carlton's Miſs Archer lives here—if I could find *her* ſhe might give me ſome inſight. None of the ſervants about? [*Looking through the wing.*]—No one of whom I can enquire?—Shall I venture to look into the apartments?

Enter Feelove, *ſpeaking, followed by a Servant.*

Feelove. Juſt gone out! Well, when he returns give him theſe parchments—they may do for his taylor—it is the only way to make them uſeful now.

Bel. Doctor Feelove!

Feelove. Hah! Mr. Bellair—where have you been all the morning? Have you found my niece? The vile

vile ſtory I told you of, has got air—Have you heard of my niece, I ſay?

Bel. Heard of her?—why, Sir, ſhe was in this houſe—ſhe ſlept here laſt night.

Feelove. In this houſe!—ſlept in the houſe of Mr. Evergreen.

Bel. Aſſuredly; and has been ſpirited away this morning.

Feelove. You ſhould as ſoon make me believe ſhe ſlept in the palace of the Grand Turk.—She in this houſe!—You may as well ſay ſhe is gone to breakfaſt in the moon, and turn'd lunatic.

Bel. [*Warmly*] What obſtinacy! Why, Sir, I tell you that I myſelf——I ſay, Sir, that I—I have enquir'd, and I have been aſſured———

Feelove. Aye, poor young gentleman! ſay no more—ſay no more. Perverſeneſs and folly came in with the froſt, I believe, and pinches both old and young.

Bel. What ſteps can we take?—My anxiety for the ſweet young creature you have deſcribed to me—Pho! what does this trifling fellow do here?

Enter Sir Marvel.

Marv. Hah, Mr. Bellair! they told me you were above, ſo I would come up. Very unlucky Miſs Archer is not at home! She promis'd to introduce me to Lady Beauville—I hear ſhe has a grand route to-morrow, and I want to know her before, that I may be invited——But I gueſs where Miſs Archer is, ſo I'll fly after her. [*Going.*

Bel. Stay, Sir Marvel,—do you know where Miſs Archer is?

Marv. I gueſs—I gueſs. She uſed my carriage this morning, to run away with one Miſs Melville, whom Mr. Evergreen was going to carry into the country. [*Going.*

Bel. Heavens! my dear Sir Marvel, you give us life—Now, Doctor, what think you of her breakfaſt in the moon?

Feelove. Faith, I begin to ſuſpect that I may have breakfaſted there—I'm ſure my brain ſeems very cloudy

cloudy. But where are they, Sir—where are they?

Marv. I can't tell, till I aſk my ſervants; but they can certainly tell where they carried them,—and that puts me in mind of a fine anecdote. About four centuries ago—[*with the air of beginning a long ſtory.*

Bel. Zounds! Sir Marvel, don't keep us here whole centuries——we muſt know inſtantly where thoſe ladies are.

Marv. Well, well, you ſhall; I was only going to tell you, for you know you are not well read, Mr. Bellair, that Queen Dido of Carthagena——

Bel. Pray, Doctor, preſcribe for him; he is moon-ſtruck too, depend on't. Sir, you muſt take us directly to the houſe where your carriage left the ladies.

Feelove. Pray do, good Sir, and then if you want bliſtering, or bleeding——

Marv. *I* want bliſtering! no, I am never ill, unleſs I'm near a phyſician. Well, come, I *will* take you, if you'll promiſe to have Queen Dido afterwards.

Bel. Oh, every Queen in the Æneid, with all my ſoul. Come along!

Feelove. Pray take me too, and then I'll take the Princeſſes, and their maids of honour into the bargain.

Marv. Yes, yes; I'll take ye both—I'll take ye both. [*Going out laſt*] What a happy thing it is to be of conſequence! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Carlton's *Lodgings.*

Enter Miſs Archer, *followed by Mrs.* Tomſon.

Miſs Arch. I am much concerned that Miſs Melville has been indiſpoſed. Do you think ſhe is now aſleep?

Mrs. Tomſon. I fancy ſo, Ma'am, for I left her on the ſopha—but I'll tell her——

Miſs Arch. Oh, on no account! let the ſweet girl repoſe a little;—her ſpirits, I am ſure, are much fatigued. If you'll give me that pamphlet I'll amuſe myſelf with it 'till ſhe wakes.

[*Mrs.* Tomſon *preſents a pamphlet and goes out.* *Miſs* Archer *tumbles over the leaves a ſhort time.*]

Miſs

Miſs Arch. Well, now, what ſignifies my attempting to read? my thoughts are ſo deranged, that Greek would be as pleaſant to me as Don Quixote. What a peculiar fate is mine! to receive a declaration of love from the only man whoſe lips I ever wiſh'd to hear it from, and yet, to be convey'd in ſuch a way, as to give me more pain than pleaſure. The air of ſincerity with which he made it, would have tranſported me, had it not been poiſon'd by an unaccountable boldneſs and freedom.

[*Walks towards the book-caſe, and takes a book*—Carlton *enters without ſeeing her—Throws himſelf on a chair, and his hat on a table—ſees her ſuddenly.*]

Carl. Zounds! Miſs Archer here again! Nay, then ſhe's my own—it would be ridiculous to *affect* diſpleaſure now. [*Goes towards her, then ſtops.*] No, faith—ſhe ſhall ſpeak firſt;—*I'll* be courted this time.

[*Sits down again*; *Miſs* Archer *not obſerving him, he begins to ſing, to catch her attention.*]

"I've kiſs'd and I've prattled
"With fifty fair maids"——

Miſs Arch. [*Screams*] This is beyond all bearing! [*Ruſhing out.*

Carl. It would, indeed, if I ſuffered you to go;——No, no, dear creature! we ſhan't part now as we did in the morning:—I have juſt been at your guardian's, to tell you that I forgive all your ill behaviour to-day.

Miſs Arch. Forgive!——

Carl. Aye, you may well wonder——'tis more than one in ten would do. Come, come—lower the ſcorn of that brow, and hear reaſon.

Miſs Arch. I'll hear nothing, Sir, and I inſiſt on your leaving this houſe inſtantly.

Carl. Ha, ha, ha!—that's *un*reaſonable, conſidering where you are. But, come! I'll allow you half a dozen ill-humoured things, and then you ſhall attend to me.

Miſs Arch. [*Seeming to bite her tongue with vexation.*] I *will* have my own way in ſomething—I won't ſay *one* ill-humour'd thing, though I feel a thouſand.

Carl. A thouſand! Well, we have time before us, charmer; you ſhall have opportunities enough—every morning at breakfaſt—every day at dinner—every—

[*With affected melancholy.*

Miſs Arch. What can the monſter mean?

Carl. Mean! why to marry you, Petulance! to give you a right to plague me for ever. What an acquiſition, for a woman of ſpirit! Oh, I feel already the horrors of my future fate, but I am reſolv'd to go through it—I *will* go through it!

Miſs Arch. You imagine that the whimſicalneſs of this muſt excuſe its freedom, Mr. Carlton, but be aſſured——

Carl. Pho, pho, don't let us waſte time;—the plain Engliſh of our ſituation is this;—you are a coquette, and I am a man of the world; you would like to make me act like a fool, and I am determined to make you act like a woman of ſenſe—a proof that I am the beſt Chriſtian.

Miſs Arch. Very well, Sir—very well!

Carl. I admired you, the firſt moment I beheld you, but reſolv'd not to be made a dangler—which, if I had approach'd you in the common modes of courtſhip, would have inevitably followed.——I, therefore, took the road you have ſeen, and in conſequence you'll condeſcend to *be* happy, and *make* happy, a year or two ſooner than your coquetry would have allow'd.

Miſs Arch. To be happy, and make happy!

[*Smiling and toſſing her head.*

Carl. Yes; and that in ſpite of all thoſe pretty affected airs—they are *but* affected, charmer, you know, for, at this moment, you feel that I have a kind of reſiſtleſs impudence about me, which you love for its novelty.

Miſs Arch. If I thought it poſſible, Sir—The wretch reads my very heart. [*Aſide.*

Carl. Nay, nothing but a wiſh to *convince* me of it, could bring you to my lodgings; you ſee the effects of carrying airs too far. You uſed me in the morning with ſuch barbarity, that your heart, hard as it is, was ſmote with the reflection, and then you run after

after me again to make it up. Oh, you dear commiſerating——— [*Attempting to ſnatch her hand.*

Miſs Arch. How dare you, Sir, inſinuate ſuch horrid things? Run after you!—ſeek you in your lodgings!

Carl. Oh dear! how a coquette may carry things!

Enter haſtily Sir Marvel, Bellair, *and* Feelove.

Marv. Oh, oh, here they are! I am come to claim your promiſe—you muſt introduce me to Lady Beauville before to-morrow. Not to be at her route, would be to *be* and *not* to be—as Kemble ſays. Pray, Ma'am, have you ſeen Kemble?

Bel. Where, Madam—where is Miſs Melville?

Feelove. Where is my niece?—where is Arabella Melville?

Carl. Heyday! What is all this?

Bel. Oh, Carlton! how little did I ſuſpect that your lodgings——but there ſhe is!——

[*Darting through the wing, followed by* Feelove.

Miſs Arch. *Are* theſe Mr. Carlton's lodgings, then? 'Tis well his boldneſs has ſuch an excuſe. [*Aſide.*

Carl. Is it poſſible that you did not know it?

Miſs Arch. Know it! Heaven and earth! how can you dare think that I did? I came to viſit Miſs Melville, whom I attended here this morning, without the moſt diſtant idea, that——Bleſs me! what an imputation has the intereſt I took in her welfare, ſubjected me to? I ſhall never ceaſe to regret the occaſion.

Carl. Nor I to bleſs it. How many tedious long months of hopes and fears, caprices and coquetry, have I been ſaved by it?

Marv. Oh, oh, you are agreed? ſee the effect of a few good ſtanzas—'twas my poetry, Madam, not his, upon my honour.

Miſs Arch. What poetry!

Marv. Why, that little jeu d' eſprit, you know, which was publiſh'd yeſterday, about you.

Miſs Arch. What! was not *that* Mr. Carlton's.

Marv. No; he beg'd to paſs for the author, but it was my own compoſition entirely; without the aſſiſtance of any mortal man, whatever—deny it, Mr. Carlton, if you can.

Miſs Arch. So thoſe wretched lines were yours? It was you who choſe to repreſent me to the public in ſo odious and hateful a light!—

Carl. You had better have been quiet, Sir Marvel.

Marv. Why, this is dev'liſh odd when they paſſed for yours, ſhe never ſaid one word againſt them; and now they are mine, they are wretched, and odious, and hateful.

Enter Miſs Juvenile.

Heyday! Miſs Archer in Mr. Carlton's lodgings! what, my dear creature, you are afraid of another ſatire, and ſo are come to deprecate his wrath?

Miſs Arch. No, indeed, my dear creature,—but pray what brought you to Mr. Carlton's lodgings?

Miſs Juv. Buſineſs, Ma'am, I aſſure you. Pray, Sir, ſtep this way [*to* Carlton]. Here are the verſes which you promis'd to get into the news-paper for me.—I have ſpent this whole day in poliſhing them.

Carl. My dear Madam, Sir Marvel has much more intereſt that way than I have.

Marv. Oh, I'll get 'em in—I'll get 'em in, never fear. Let me ſee. [*She endeavours to ſnatch them.*] "Deſcription of Sir Marvel Muſhroom, or the Cripplegate Knight." What, Madam, me!—me!—am I a ſubject for a news-paper?

Miſs Juv. Yes;—or for a comedy, if I could write one. You are rich in folly, Sir Marvel, and would be a treaſure to the public.

Marv. Why, Madam, you will not dare—you will not dare. Oh, the licenſe given to theſe d—d news-papers! I'll get a ſeat in parliament, in order to vote againſt the freedom of the preſs.

Miſs Arch. So would all thoſe wretches feel, who tear the minds of the inoffenſive or the worthy—were *they* to be ſtretched on the rack, to which they ſo unfeelingly devote others.

Carl. My charming creature, you muſt forgive Sir Marvel—I promiſed him that you ſhould.

Miſs Arch. [*ſmiling.*] Secure firſt your own forgiveneſs.

Carl. That ſweet ſmile ſecures it to me.

Miſs

Miſs Arch. No; you muſt earn it by long and faithful ſervices. I will be a tyrant for two whole years, and you ſhall be the moſt humble and devoted of my ſlaves:—My caprice you ſhall allow to be reaſon, and my whims ſhall be your law.

Carl. [*kiſſing her hand*] For two months agreed! but not one hour longer. [*Enter* Bellair *and* Arabella.] ——My dear Bellair, is this angel yours?

Bel. Mine; and by a whimſical concurrence concealed in your lodgings. How much, Miſs Archer, am I indebted to you!

Marv. Indebted to her! No, 'tis to me. *I* wore the cloak, and *I* was pinch'd and pull'd whilſt ſhe eſcaped. One can neither have credit from one's verſes or one's good nature.

Miſs Archer. So you really have forgiven him—Did I not foretell? [*Archly.*]

Arab. Oh, goodneſs! there was nothing to forgive—You can't think how innocent he is.

Enter Evergreen.

Everg. The devil! What, Bellair found her firſt! Come, Sir, give up my Bell!

[*Attempting to take her.*

Enter Feelove.

Feelove. Your Bell! No, no, you muſt go for *your* bell to another ſteeple, my old friend—This little ſilver-toned thing would never be heard on the Welch mountains; and ſo I have given it to him.

Everg. To *him!* You muſt joke, Doctor. You cannot mean to beſtow your niece on a poor wretch, the victim, as you have often called him, of atrophy and diſeaſe.

Feelove. There, d'ye ſee!—again!—again! Sir, you libel me, *and*, Sir—— [*Strutting up to him.*

Everg. Libel ye! Why you libel yourſelf.—That's your poor invalid—the *dying man* You'll never be able to ſtand the laugh, if you give your niece to him. Come, come, Doctor, give *me* the——

Bel. Sir, *I* have received Miſs Melville from this gentleman,

gentleman, who will be ſo generous as to pardon the innocent ſtratagems of love.

Feelove. Stratagems! What then—what then, are you the—the—[*trembling.*]

Bel. You know I told you, Doctor, that I had an irreſiſtible fancy, that I ſhould live and become a ſtout, hale young fellow. I determined not to oppoſe *my* odd fancy as the old lady did her's.

Feelove [*in extreme anger*]. Ho—h! So, Sir, you had the—the impudence—

Bel. Yes, Sir, I had the impudence to live—But pray pardon it! I will do any thing but die—I'll ſwallow all the gums, woods, herbs, and funguſes in your medicopeia, to make it up.

Feelove. You had better, Sir——I ſay, you had better——Oh! [*Going haſtily off.*

Carl. Stay, good Sir! you muſt be reconciled.

Bel. Dear Doctor, be but reconciled, I'll advertiſe my death, change my name, and fight every man who dares tell me I am alive.

Everg. He muſt *not* be reconciled.

Miſs Archer. He can't reſiſt us—I'll make love to him.—Dear Doctor!

Marv. And I'll let him preſcribe for me——Dear Doctor!

Miſs Juv. And I'll write the epithalamium—Dear Doctor!

Everg. He *ſhall* reſiſt you—He ſhall *not* be reconciled.

Feelove. Say you ſo? Here, Mr. Bellair [*giving his hand*] I will be reconciled, though—excuſe me!—I ſhould rather you were dead.—However, I will be reconciled.

Everg. Oh, oh, you will, will ye? You ſhall repent it. Bellair, though I ſhall never ſpeak to you more, I'll tell you at parting that her fortune is thirty thouſand pounds—Remember, *thirty*. There, Doctor, that has cut you ſhort of ten or fifteen thouſand, I know; ſo *your* joke has coſt as much as *mine*.

Feelove. Sir, you are——Sir, my reſentment for this uſage—

Carl. Oh, gentlemen, you muſt not—you muſt not quarrel.

Marv.

Marv. Oh, yes, let 'em quarrel, pray, if they have a fancy for it. Doctor, I'll carry your challenge —What are your weapons?

Everg. His preſcriptions—He can kill with nothing elſe; he's harmleſs in all other reſpects.

Feelove. And you are harmleſs in *nothing* but your wit;—the point of that is never felt.

Miſs Archer. Come, come, ſince your anger expends itſelf in words, there are hopes of its ſubſiding; and that the happineſs we are preparing to enjoy, will neither be clouded by your diſpleaſure, nor by that of our beſt friends.

To them we bend, ſubmiſſive to their laws,
Yield, if 'tis cenſure—bleſt, if 'tis applauſe!

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 62 AUG

EPILOGUE.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

(Speaking within.)

I SPEAK the Epilogue! Lud, how they teaze one!
They write ſo dull—ſo—ſeldom they can pleaſe one;
I never read 'em—Well—I'll truſt to chance,
And now before 'em, frighten'd, I'll advance.
(Enters.)
Ladies and Gents—behold—that is—our play
We hope will—Lud, I don't know what to ſay!
To entertain the cit, the belle, the beau,
With India—Stamps—or, Race at Fontainbleau.
In days of yore—bright days, with conqueſt crown'd!
The French we beat, and beat on their own ground;
We conquer ſtill by valour or by cunning,
On their own ground we beat 'em now—in running.
I'll try, as Mercury did, a ſmall deception,
It may ſecure, at leaſt, a good reception.—
How do I look? If I can truſt my glaſs,
I think for Venus I may ſafely paſs;
(I'm ſure found out to ſay I'm any other;)
No more Miſs Archer now—the archer's mother!
Nay, never wonder, doubt, nor ſtart, nor ſtare,
Don't you perceive the Goddeſs in my air?
Yon low'ring brow ſays, No—Well!—if you doubt me,
I'll drop the Goddeſs,—here's enough without me:
Each ſcarlet Mars above, though e'er ſo dainty,
May leer around—there's Venus's in plenty;
Or aim his Glaſs beneath, upon the pit,
He'll ſee his Venus by her Vulcan ſit:
There Bacchus woos his Venus all divine!
He nectar aſks—but ſhe—a pint of wine!
And you can never want the Queen of Love,
I ſpeak to you, ye roaring Gods above;—
Momus is ſurely there, from all this racket,
Yonder he ſits—he's in a ſailor's jacket;
Thrice happy God, who lives but in a joke!
His Venus laughs, too—in her hat and cloak.
Where have I got to?—Lud, how glib my tongue!
Am I Miſs Archer, Venus, or Miſs Younge?
Be what I will, among my friends I rank ye,
Applaud Miſs Archer, and Miſs Younge ſhall thank ye.